THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROOT OF IRISH ILLS.

Discussed in a Remarkable Lecture by T. W. Russell, M. P., Liberal Representative From An Ulster Constituency.

He Indicts England For Persistent Misgovernment and Hopes for a Better State of Things in Future.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., the leading Irish "Liberal" among the Ulster delegation to the English parliament, lectured on the evening of Nov. 14 in the hall attached to the Presbyterian church, Adelaide street, Dublin, on the "Root Difficulties of Irish Government." The Rev. Dr. Edgar presided. Mr. Russell said:

The subject which I propose to treat tonight is one of admitted difficulty, and one upon which differing, and even divergent views, may legitimately be held by political students. But I have chosen it with some deliberation. And for this reason: After long years of political excitement, tumult and disorder, a period which has unsettled much and settled very little, the people of this country have reached a point when further heroics are, for the time being, impossible—when the exercise of common sense in political affairs is absolutely necessary. Tonight I am going to try and let you see the inside of a man's mind, who has for many years taken some small part in the fierce strife of Irish parties—who has been proud to belong to that "thin red line" upon which the brunt of the ten years' conflict, produced by Mr. Gladstone's great surrender, fell.

For well nigh 800 years England has been endeavoring to govern Ireland. In this work she has employed governors of every kind and degree. She has summoned parliaments of more or less authority. Content at one time to allow the ascendancy of a class to have its own way, she has at last fallen back upon household suffrage. And the result, we are told, is dissatisfaction more or less widespread; discontent and disloyalty prevalent over great areas of the country; a hostile representation in parliament; grinding poverty, squalor and destitution afflicting large masses of the people. Once this fact—and to a considerable extent it is a fact—gets solid lodgment in your mind, you must, perforce, ask what it all means; you must press for the why and the wherefore of such a condition of affairs. Is the fault with the governors, or does it lie at the doors of the governed? You cannot help asking why it is that England, the great colonizing power of the world, has achieved so little in Ireland; why a people who, in India, in Egypt, and all throughout Africa, has shown what can be done with, and for mere "niggers," has been so unsuccessful in Ireland, with Celts?

Now, whatever Mr. Gladstone's position in 1885-6 may have been—whether he lusted for power, or was passionately convinced that the Act of Union was a mistake—no one can doubt that he and the bulk of the party he led are today firmly convinced about what they call the misgovernment of Ireland. There are probably a quarter of a million of people in this country to whom the failure of a single years's potato crop means hardship, if not actual starvation. The small farmers in other parts of the country are oftentimes hard pressed, and with them a bad year makes rent paying difficult, whilst the tens of thousands of poor people who live in small towns and smaller villages rarely know what the comforts and oftentime the decencies of life are. Now, the common idea is that Ireland being poor, must necessarily derive an immense advantage from her close connection with a rich country like Great Britain. And the common idea is so far quite correct. In the olden time, before and toward the end of the last century, and, therefore, before the Act of Union was passed, England deliberately crippled Irish trade for the benefit of English traders. The merchants of Bristol had but to say the word and the thing was done. And sad havoc was undoubtedly wrought by such means. But whatever may be said for or against the Act of Union, it undoubtedly made this course of conduct impossible. All trade within the United Kingdom is now free and unfettered, and traders of every kind and degree are now on the same footing.

The theory of taxation which obtains in this country is in principle this: Ireland and Scotland are dealt with just as if they were Yorkshire and Lancashire. For all practical purposes, Ireland pays into the Imperial exchequer just as Lancashire, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire pay. Now, if we take the finding of the Royal commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland—and on this point Englishmen and Irishmen agree—the proper or fair basis for Ireland to pay upon would be one-twentieth of the Imperial revenue. This is not the finding of Mr. Sexton and Mr. Redmond alone. It is the finding of men like the late Mr. Childers, of Lord Welby, an old and ingrained treasury official; of Lord Farrer, another ex-official, and of Sir David Barbour. This would mean that Ireland should have paid into the Imperial treasury the sum of £4,842,781 in the year 1893-4, whereas she actually paid a sum amounting to £7,568,649. Now you will at once see that for a poor country this raises a very serious question, and one about which much will be said in the immediate future. We hear already, indeed, of an Irish claim for arrears of overcharge amounting to over £100,000,000 sterling, and a demand for what is called a thorough and honest re-arrangement of taxation. But you may depend upon it that, whatever happens, judgment will not be allowed to go by default. And in the exceedingly luminous and able report of Sir David Barbour, the lines of the answer to what may turn out to be a somewhat premature charge are calmly laid down. Sir David Barbour says, in effect, as I understand him, that it is true that one-twentieth of the whole revenue would be Ireland's fair basis of contribution, that she has mainly and chiefly by her extravagant consumption of whisky been paying much more than this, but that if her contribution is to be calculated on the basis of "taxable capacity" the Imperial expenditure in Ireland must also be taken into account. And if this expenditure were to be calculated on the same basis it was £3,791,498 in excess of what it ought to have been in 1893-4. Therefore, says the London Times, "we are quits. You pay too much into the treasury, the treasury pays too much to you—and the one balances the other."

I am not going to enter into this argument at all. This is not the object I have in view in referring to the financial relations between the two countries. Before I express my opinion upon such a thorny question I prefer to wait and hear all the argument on both sides. But what I do wish to point out is this, and it is a thing the commissioners felt themselves precluded from touching, viz., the extravagant expenditure on the government of Ireland.

As things stand, nobody in this poor country has any interest in economy of Government. After the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was passed in 1876 I stood in the Lobby of the House of Commons conversing with the late Mr. Parnell. He had voted all through in favor of that Bill (hear, hear), and I thanked him. "Now," he said, "we are done with liquor for sometime; we must see about land." "Ah," I replied, "that will be even a tougher job. It will require an earthquake to upset the Irish land system." "Then," replied Mr. Parnell, calmly and cooly, "earthquake be it" (loud applause). And the earthquake came. And where are we now? I read a speech delivered the other day by an Ulster member, a great friend of mine, in which he was reported to have gaily referred to the land question as being "settled." Settled, forsooth! The lines of settlement have, indeed, I am thankful to think, been successfully laid. But the actual settlement is yet far off (cries of "Hear, hear"). The situation is one of extraordinary difficulty, and will tax the energies and statesmanship of the strongest heads that can be brought to bear upon it (applause). The third difficulty which presents itself is one even harder to deal with—viz.

The difference in race and religion (applause) of the people living in Ireland. I am aware, of course, that in the minds of many people this is the root difficulty in the government of the country. The mere fact that the great mass of the Irish people are Celts and Roman Catholics accounts for everything that is wrong. I cannot admit this (applause). But, on the other hand, it is impossible for anyone studying the facts of Irish life to ignore it. Nothing is more common than the statement—I have heard it many hundreds of times—that if Ireland were all like Ulster the problem of government would be solved. And it is often put in another way which indicates that Roman Catholicism is the real tap-root of the ever-present mischief. Now, gentlemen, I am not going to say that there is nothing to be said for these twin contentions. It is possible that if we could appiy the business energy of Belfast and of parts of Ulster to the South of Ireland, marvellous results might ensue. We might also lose a little—for your Belfast man is not an entirely lovely character (loud laughter). It is quite possible also that the free breath of Protestantism might work wonders if allowed to operate all over the land. I am not in the least concerned to deny this, for, in truth, I believe it. But the statesman is not at liberty to contemplate these things. He cannot look for a new heaven and a new earth on such lines. He cannot contemplate the disappearance from the face of the earth of the Irish Celt—rather the reverse (laughter); much less can he calculate upon the extinction of that wonderful ecclesiastical organization which, as Macaulay finely says, was "Great before the Frank had passed the Rhine and before the Saxon had set foot in Britain." But the difficulty caused by these two factors is seen at every step. The Ulsterman very frequently knows infinitely more of Scotland than he does of the South or West of Ireland, and would often be a greater stranger in Dublin and Cork than he would be in Glasgow (cries of "Hear, hear").

Between North and South there is little or no community of feeling. The effect of this is to destroy all real national life (applause). The "old race," as it is called, conquered and overborne, subject in the past to confiscation and persecution, long denied education and civil rights, but rapidly emerging in the sunshine of saner times to better things, stands for Ireland and all they understand by it (cries of "Hear, hear"). The descendants of the "settlers" and those who, in the providence of God, have found their home here, stand for England and the Empire (cries of "Hear, hear."). Their lives are to a great extent lived wholly apart. Now, the real difficulty arising out of all this today lies in the fact that the government of the past was for the few and not for the many (applause)—that avowedly, and it may be necessarily, Government existed for the benefit of the English garrison, and not for the Irish people. Possible in days that are happily gone—when men's minds moved in a narrower circle—such a system of government is absolutely impossible now. We have got to a higher altitude. But the operation of changing the old order is not a pleasant one. We are in the transition state—hence the difficulty (applause).

CENTENNIAL OF '98.

Making Preparations in This Country to Visit the Scenes of the Great Rebellion in Wexford and Its Sister Counties.

Three Large "Liners" Said to be Already Chartered for the Purpose of Taking Irish-American Pilgrims Across the Atlantic.

Who fears to speak of "Ninety-eight?"
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head in shame?
He's all a knave—or half a slave—
Who slights his country thus:
But a true man, like you man,
Will fill a glass with us!

He is a staid, conservative graybeard now—the man who wrote those lines. A fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and an Episcopalian clergyman to boot, the Rev. Dr. Ingram almost forgets that he was once an Irish revolutionist, applauding in stirring strains the gallant, though unsuccessful, effort to throw off English rule in the year of blood and bravery, 1798, says an exchange:

Some years ago a modest association was started in that ancient portion of New York city known as Greenwich village. It was called the Ninety-eight club, and its object was to devise some means of commemorating the rebellion. The central organization in New York enlisted hundreds of members, while, through the country there was scarcely a city or town that did not start branches and affiliated bodies. A weekly tax was collected from every member, concerts and other entertainments swelled the receipts, until today the associations of Ninety-eight clubs stand before the world with over $1,000,000(?) to its credit. How large will be the resources when 1898 arrives it is hard to say, but the prophecy may be safely ventured that the centenary will "bate Bannagher"—and as most Irishmen know "Bannagher bates the divil."

The celebration will take the form of invasion of the "Auld Dart" by Irish-Americans. Not an invasion by force of arms, with drums beating and bayonets fixed, but a peaceful and reverent revisiting of the Green Isle, and in particular of the scenes hallowed by rebel battles and rebel blood.

This means simply that in the spring and summer of 1898 a vast army of men, women and children—a conservative estimate places their number at 50,000 souls—is pledged to sail from this country and hold a grand gathering of the race among the glens and uplands of southeastern Ireland.

The preparations for this gathering of the Irish people are being made all aver the country under the auspices of the Ninety-eight club of New York city. This club was established in 1881, and has always enjoyed a large membership of conspicuous Irishmen of the metropolis. Its present president is John B. Vvrely, well known in the dry goods, and the treasurer is Edward O'Flaherty, a member of a large retail establishment of New York. John B. Goff, recorder of New York, is one of the leading spirits of the organization, and other are ex-commissioner of street cleaning Thomas S. Brennan, Thomas F. Grady, Patrick J. Cody, and James J. Stafford. The club has branches in every city in the East and middle West, where members of the Irish race exist in any numbers, as, for instance, in Fremont, Ohio, where the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, of St. Patrick's church, is taking a leading part in the movement.

An idea of the invasion's scope may be gathered from the fact that three ocean liners—the largest that can be obtained—have already been chartered to ferry the pilgrims to and fro. The steamers are to land their passengers at the ports of Kingstown and Waterford, according to where each family is to be billeted. The billeting system is one of the features of the trip—a feature, too, which will pour a good many thousands of American dollars into the hands of the Irish peasantry. For some months agents of the Ninety-eight clubs have been at work selecting inns, farmers' houses, cottages, etc., in the counties of Wexford, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Kildare, and Wicklow (the area covered by the rebellion). The visitors will be quartered at these places according to their means. It is proposed that the sojourn in Ireland shall cover a period of six weeks. During this time the path of the rebellion is to be traversed step by step. A committee of Irishmen learned in their country's history has been chosen to pilot the pilgrims from battlefield to battlefield.

An important feature of the pilgrimage will be, as heretofore stated, the erection of monuments on all the principal scenes of the rebellion. A handsome cross of black Kilkenny marble will stand on the site of the old gates of Ross, where the Irish won a decisive battle. Vinegar Hill, the eminence whose feet are encircled by the Slaney, and whose stone-crowned summit overshadows the town of Enniscorthy, where the insurgents were crushingly and finally defeated, will be adorned by a broken granite shaft. Handsome monuments will be erected over the graves of Father John Murphy, Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, Dudley Colclough, Esmond Kyan, and other leaders.

Father John will be honored with a tombstone cut in New York by one of his own kin. Tablets with suitable inscriptions will be placed at different points of interest, so that the youth of Ireland may read on every roadside some portion of the history of the memorable struggle.

The theatre of the rebellion centres in the county of Wexford, but extends over its borders into the counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare and Wicklow, and even to the Dublin mountains. In this section all the fighting of '98 was done. Hence it is to these counties that the great body of visitors will turn.

IRISH DEFEAT THE SCOTCH.

The second football game of the Scotch-Irish series was played last Sunday afternoon at Ogden avenue and Rockwell street and furnished the best contest of the season. It was expected the Gaelic players would have an easy game under their own rules, as the Scotchmen are not familiar with them, being unaccustomed to catching and punting. At the finish the Irishmen had notched seven points to their opponents' four, but the score by no means represented the play. In the second half the Scotchmen had the ball in the home half most of the time.

At starting the Gaelic men attacked and Favier punted a point. A quick rush by the Scottish left wing carried the ball close to the Irish goal and Barker equalized. This proved to be their only score through the first half, though they had several good openings which they failed to utilize owing to the rough character of the ground near the south goal. The Irishmen, by dint of long punts, made a number of attacks, but Allison, Cameron and Aston made a strong defense and kept their goal intact. A fifty-yard kick to the Irishmen was not improved upon. Points were made by Favier (2), W. Hall (2), Cooney (1), and one came from a scrimmage.

Ends were changed, with the Irishmen leading by 7 points to 1. With the wind, the Scotchmen became aggressive, and through the remainder of the game appeared in better condition. Several unsuccessful attempts were followed by a point by Dewar. A fifty-yard kick by Aston went wide of the point post. Young centered the ball to Barker, who punched over the bar for a point. Good kicking by Naughton, Hooley and W. Hall relieved the pressure and carried the sphere to the Scotch goal, where it was forced over the line for [illegible] in the half. From that on to the call of time play was fast and exciting. Cooney in goal made several good stops and received good support from Myles and O'Connell. In the field W. Hall and Favier showed to advantage. All the Scotchmen played hard, Middleton, Dewar, Patterson and Cameron being especially conspicuous. The crowd was the largest of the season.

IN MEMORIAM.

Div. 20, A. O. H., in regular meeting assembled, adopted the following resolution:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God and Allwise Father in his infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed and beloved brother, James P. Mannix; and,

WHEREAS, In it we recognize the hand of the Supreme Ruler, and we humbly bow to His Almighty will, knowing that He does all things well. In the death of our brother Div. 20 has lost a much esteemed brother, a true Hibernian and a most zealous member of our Order; always willing to assist in the elevation of our race: and,

WHEREAS, It is always well that the virtues of the departed should be remembered, that the living may draw therefrom lessons of wisdom for their guidance through life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 20, tender to the grief-stricken family our heartfelt sympathy in this their trying hour of sad bereavement; and, be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of our departed brother our worthy president cause the colors of Div. 20 to be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of this division, and a copy of each sent to THE CITIZEN and New World for publication; also that the president cause a copy of above resolutions to be transmitted under the seal of the division to the family of our deceased brother.

Michael Sullivan, John O'Connor, and James Pearl, committee.

Father Fitzsimmons' Reception.

The parishioners of the Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Name gave a reception on Tuesday night to their pastor, the Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, on the occasion of his return home from an European tour.

The reception was given in the rooms of the Catholic Young Men's club of the parish, No. 310 Superior street. Father Fitzsimmons is an honorary member of the club. The President, D. E. Sullivan, delivered an address of welcome. Thomas Cannon spoke for the Catholic societies of the parish, and Judge Goggin presented to Father Fitzsimmons in the name of his parishioners a purse of $1,000 in gold. The church choir sang, a mandolin orchestra played and the evening closed with a collation.

Father Fitzsimmons left Chicago on Aug. 7 and returned to the city last Thursday week.

"I Was in such a condition that when I got up in the morning I coughed very badly. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has done me very much good."—John Walsh, 757 South Paulina street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

KILKENNY'S GRIT.

The Old City by the Nore, Which Witnessed the Parliament of the Confederation, Refuses to Honor Nelson and the Union Jack.

A Most Remarkable Anti-English Demonstration at the Ancient Town Hall.

In numbers and enthusiasm the demonstration which was held in Kilkenny on the night of Nov. 11, to protest against the mayor's action in proposing that the Union Jack be hoisted over the town hall to celebrate the battle of Trafalgar, surpassed any expression of popular feeling witnessed in the city for a long time. Shortly after 8 o'clock a crowd of several thousand people assembled outside of the Workingmen's club, where a torchlight procession was formed, in which the three city bands, the Workingmen's club, Laborers' and Bakers' societies and other organized bodies took part. After making a circuit of the city, amid a scene of general enthusiasm, the procession halted outside the town hall, where the meeting was announced to be held. The door of the town hall was locked and barricaded, and a force of police, under County Inspector Allen and District Inspector Law, was drawn up outside. Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, T. C., president of the Workingmen's club, intimated to the county inspector that it was the intention of the people to force an entrance to the town hall, and that he would accept the entire responsibility of their action. The county inspector sought to dissuade the crowd from adopting this course, but Mr. O'Keeffe said that the people were determined to assert their right to the use of their own hall, and the police were then directed by the county inspector not to interfere. A couple of men then put their shoulders to the door and endeavored to force it in, but it was too strongly barricaded from the inside. After repeated unsuccessful efforts had been made in this direction a sledge was procured, and when a few well-directed blows had been delivered the panel was burst in amidst tremendous cheers, and the crowd swarmed up the stairs and into the council Chamber. Previous to this an effigy of the Mayor was burned, the bands playing the Dead March.

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, T. C., was voted to the chair at the meeting, and briefly opened the proceedings. He congratulated the manhood of Kilkenny on having asserted their right to the use of their own Town Hall. Referring to the object for which the meeting was held, he said they would have disgraced themselves in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen unless they had made a determined protest against the insult offered by the Mayor to their national sentiments (cheer). It was an extraordinary thing, and showed the humbug and hypocrisy of a certain class of politicians, that Mayor O'Leary—who was unable to follow Parnell, the greatest Irishman of the century (cheers), on moral grounds—saw nothing disgraceful in proposing to honor the memory of an Englishman whose intrigue with Lady Hamilton was a matter of history (cheers). Why was it never proposed to hoist the green flag over the Town Hall on the anniversary of Fontenoy or on any glorious event in the history of Ireland? (Cheers). He concluded by congratulating the men of Kilkenny on having vindicated the honor of their city.

The following letters were read:

"Thomas street, Limerick,

"Oct. 8, 1896. Dear sir—I regret that circumstances over which I have no control will prevent me from being with the men of Kilkenny to protest against the impertinent attempt to reduce the people of that historic old city to a state of serfdom as humiliating to National pride as was the cruel slavery of my comrades to humanity and Christian charity for more than twelve years under the Union Jack of your anti-Irish Mayor. Wishing the men of Kilkenny Godspeed in their efforts to uphold the honor of our land,—I am, dear sir, very sincerely yours,

J. DALY."

"Kilmanagh, Oct. 12, 1896. "Dear sir—The Union Jack flag was, I believe, designed at the time of the Union. Since that period Ireland has had famines and Coercion Acts almost beyond counting. Her patriotic sons have been exiled, executed by public hangman, or done to death in British dungeons. Our public revenue has been filched from us at the rate of some millions per annum; the hard-earned private resources of our farmers and traders squandered by idle absentees living luxuriously in foreign countries; the industrial capabilities of our poor country altogether neglected, and her population diminished by some five millions. And the exodus still continues, to the unconcealed delight of our John Bull stepfather. Irishmen had, of course, to fight for him, and took a principal part in building up his empire and gaining his victories for him. But the advantage has been all on the one side. It will be time enough for Irishmen to rejoice over the anniversaries of these victories and to run up the Union Jack flag when they have evidence of a real union of hearts by the restitution of their own home Government, and of the prosperity which is certain to follow in its train in Ireland as in every other country. Kilkenny, at the time of the Union, was one of the most prosperous and important of our Irish towns. What is it now, or where will it be at the present rate of progress in, say, another half century? If people want to know how Kilkenny folk fared at the first planting of the Union Jack they may read a note in Banim's 'Croppy.' We are there informed that the triangle and the gallows were permanent erections at the jail door of Kilkenny. And the savage Asgill, the General officer in command of the district, not content with the temporal deaths of his victims, would fain, if possible, deprive them of life eternal; and for this purpose was in the habit of passing 'sentence of death without benefit of clergy.' If the people desire to have a suitable support for the Union Jack they might erect a monument for the savage Asgill, or the equally savage Axtell, Cromwell's Kilkenny governor. The Town Hall of an Irish National city is no place for that, for Irishmen, ill-omened flag. And I am glad that the proposal to pay special honor to it in Kilkenny has been so promptly repudiated by a true union of Pats. May their shadows never grow less!

"N. MURPHY, P. P.

"P. S.—Should a Nelson monument be erected in Kilkenny it would not be complete without a profile of Lady Hamilton on the obverse side, with the bar sinister, the John Bulls are such a moral, God-fearing people in their own estimation!

"The Secretary, Workingmen's Club, Kilkenny."

"National Club, Dublin, Oct. 10, 1896—Dear Mr. Empson—I am in receipt of your invitation to the anti-Union Jack demonstration to be held on Tuesday next. I am sorry that other engagements will not permit my attendance. I need not, I trust, assure you of my whole-hearted sympathy with the object of the proposed meeting. I remain, yours faithfully, PAT O'BRIEN."

"Mr. Joseph Empson, secretary, Workingmen's Club, Kilkenny."

Mr. E. T. Keane proposed the following resolution:

"That this mass meeting of the manhood of Kilkenny desires to enter its indignant protest against the attempt of the anti-Irish Mayor of Kilkenny to disgrace our city in the eyes of the Irish race all over the world by the proposal to hoist the Union Jack over our town hall, and that we brand such a proposal as abhorrent to the sentiments of the citizens, who are now as ever the declared enemies of the English flag, which was first planted in this country and has since been maintained by force and fraud, and which is the symbol of robbery, confiscation and ruthless persecution."

Mr. Bolger, secretary Bakers' society, seconded the resolution, which was passed amidst great cheering, and the chairman then declared the meeting at a close.

At a special meeting of the Kilkenny branch of the National Foresters it was decided to strike the mayor's name off the roll of honorary membership.

Branch of St. Kyran, Foresters' Hall, Dean street, Kilkenny, Oct. 13, 1896—Sir—I am directed by this branch to forward you the accompanying resolution passed at the usual weekly meeting of Branch St. Kyran on Monday night last, Major O'Leary, J. P., Mayor of Kilkenny, who is an honorary member of our branch, at the last meeting of the corporation asked permission to hoist the Union Jack over the town hall, on the anniversary of Trafalgar, but permission was unanimously refused. The matter being brought before the meeting of our branch the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the name of Major O'Leary, J. P., be struck off the roll of honorary member." Yours truly,

P. BRENNAN, Sec.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

SAVED BY REFORM.

SOME $2,000,000 IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Civil Service Law Made It Possible, and the Secretary Wants More of the Same—Figures on the Inspection of Cattle—Opposition to So Much Printing.

Washington, Nov. 23.—Secretary Morton in his fourth annual report, just made public, shows that with $280,000 which may be saved from the appropriations for the current fiscal year there will have been covered back into the treasury since March, 7, 1893, over $2,000,000 out of total apropriations of $11,179,455.45. That this great economy was effected without any loss of efficiency he attrbutes in a large degree to the improvement in the personnel of the force under civil service rules, which he declares to be "absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of an economic and efficient administration of the public service." To complete "the already almost perfect system of civil service" in his department the secretary recommends the appointment of a permanent director in charge of bureaus and scientific investigations.

The inspection of animals intended for food is treated at length, and stress is laid upon the increased efficiency of the work due to the extension of the civil service rules, which has been very rapid in this service. The total number of ante-mortem inspections of cattle, sheep, calves and hogs during the year was 35,997,879, an increase over the previous year of over 50 per cent. The total number of post-mortem inspections was 23,164,858, an increase of 25 per cent. The total number of abattoirs under inspection in 1896 was 102 in 26 cities; in 1892 there were but 28 in 12 cities. For the sake of economy the exports of microscopically inspected pork to countries not exacting such inspection have been greatly discouraged. The total amount thus inspected was in round numbers 23,000,000 pounds, of which 21,500,000 pounds went to countries requiring inspection.

Would Inspect All Food Animals.

Morton urges strongly that government inspection should be extended to all animals intended for human food, whether for consumption in the United States or abroad. The cattle and meat trade of Great Britain is reviewed at length. Of live meat arriving in the United Kingdom during the first six months of 1896 the United States supplied 75 per cent. of the cattle and 45 per cent. of the sheep. The testimony of the department representatives abroad is that cattle from the United States arrive in English ports in excellent condition. The Glasgow market is especiallycommended to American shippers. The report shows asteadily increasing demand in England for American horses. During the first nine months of the present year more of these animals were shipped to that country than for any previous entire year.

During the year the department issued 376 publications, mainly for gratuitous distribution. The aggregate number of copies printed was 6,561,700. The publication work has grown enormously during the past few years, and increased appropriations must be provided, but the secretary declares that neither the department of agriculture nor the government itself can continue for the next five years to increase its publications for gratuitous distribution in the same ratio as for the last five years without disbursing millions of dollars. He protests against the intrusion in the act of appropriation for the department for the current fiscal year of $32,500, for reprinting horse books and cattle books to be given away by congress. The secretary again takes occasion to express his opposition to the gratuitous distribution of seeds and to express the hope that the practice will be discontinued.

In his reference to the condition of American farmers, heretofore noted in these dispatches, the secretary says: "Legislation can neither plow nor plant. The intelligent, practical and successful farmer needs no aid from the government. The ignorant, impractical and indolent farmer deserves none. It is not the business of the government to legislate in behalf of any class of citizens because they are engaged in any specific calling, no matter how essential the calling may be to the needs and comforts of civilization. Lawmakers cannot erase natural laws nor restrict or efface the operation of economic laws. It is a beneficent arrangement of the order of things and the conditions of human life that legislators are not permitted to repeal, amend, or revise the laws of production and distribution."

Stress of Competition.

Referring to the stress of competition which the American farmer is compelled to endure Morton calls attention to the nearly 2,000,000 of farms of 80 acres each given away by the government under the homestead act of 1866 during the past thirty years, and to the amount donated under the timber culture law, equivalent to over 550,000 more farms of the same size. Lands long tilled and rendered practically infertile could not, of course, enhance in value and sell in competition with virgin soil donated by the government. No legislation relative to the public domain has been so directly inimical to the farmers who had bought and paid for the lands upon which they had lived and labored. It was impossible for farmers in the old states to profitably sell their products in competition with those of the newer states grown upon lands which cost their owners nothing.

During the fiscal year just ended the exported products of American farms aggregated $570,000,000, an increase of $17,000,000 over the preceding year. In spite of this there was a falling off in the percentage of agricultural products exported to the total exports, but this was due to the unprecedented sale abroad of American manufactured goods. The largest market for our products is admitted to be the home market, but the export trade is the regulator, the balance wheel, for domestic trade. It follows that the interest of the manufacturer as well as of the farmer is found in the most rapid possible increase of the export of farm products. General prosperity depends absolutely upon agricultural prosperity.

National Council of Women.

Boston, Nov. 23.—The annual executive meeting of the National Council of Women will be held in Boston Dec. 2.

LABOR UNIONS FOR FREE SILVER.

Both the Illinois Federation and the K. of L. Adopt Declarations.

St. Louis, Nov. 21.—At yesterday's session of the Illinois Federation of Labor at East St. Louis a resolution presented by H. H. Huff, of Chicago, declaring for free silver at 16 to 1, was adopted by a vote of 37 to 10. The annual election of officers resulted in the selection of the following: President, Charles J. Riefler, of Springfield; vice president, Jacob Tazelear, of Chicago; secretary and treasurer, Walter B. Bush, of Peoria. Executive committee, Carl Hanson, of Chicago; W. H. Austin, East St. Louis; John Taylor, Glen Carbon; John R. Holmes, Springfield; Herman Libbing, Quincy; Millard Lloyd, Bloomington, and John D. Potter, Peoria.

The convention of 1897 will be held at Bloomington.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The K. of L. assembly yesterday added to the seventeenth plank of the declaration submitted by the law committee the following: "And that gold and silver when so issued shall be by the free and unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 regardless of the action of any other nation." The session adjourned until today, as it was evident that the work could not be finished last night. The assembly will probably adjourn finally tonight. Several committee reports are to come up but little of public interest.

TWO GREAT FOOT BALL GAMES.

Princeton Downs Yale and Pennsylvania Is Too Much for Harvard.

New York, Nov. 23.—On Manhattan field Saturday the great foot ball game between Princeton and Yale took place before 35,000 people, thousands of them being ladies, in spite of a drizzling rain. For the first time since 1893, and for the fourth time since 1883, a representative team of the Tigers defeated the sons of Eli. The score was 24 to 6 and when it has been added that Yale's six points were scored on a fluke the story has been told, for never from the beginning of the game till its end were the men from New Haven able to cope with their sturdy antagonists. The Yale eleven was clearly outplayed on every point of foot ball; they did not kick as well, rush as well, nor run as well as the Tigers, and in their defensive play weakness was their principal feature.

Philadelphia, Nov. 23.—The game of foot ball here Saturday between Pennsylvania and Harvard was won by the former by a score of 8 to 6. It was one of the grandest foot ball battles ever witnessed in this country, and though the Harvard team was beaten it left the field covered with glory—and mud. In short Harvard went down with colors flying and died game, which makes the honor to Pennsylvania all the greater. Every player in the latter team was a star and the team nearly met its match.

DEATH OF FRANK ARBUCKLE.

Found in an Obscure Part of New York City Dying of Heart Failure.

New York, Nov. 20.—Frank P. Arbuckle, chairman of the Colorado Democratic committee in the late campaign, well-known all over the west and at Chicago, was found dying yesterday morning at 2:45 o'clock in an obscure place in this city between 152nd and 153d streets. At first it was telegraphed all over the country that he had been murdered, but later developments show that he died a natural death. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1852, and was very prominent in business and politics in the west.

An autopsy was held yesterday afternoon and all grounds for a suspicion of foul play were swept away thereby. It is pronounced a case of "heart failure." A suggestion of suicide was declared absurd. Mrs. Arbuckle is en route here to join her husband, and unless she receives word at Omaha will reach here ignorant of his fate.

Objected to Mrs. Solomon.

New York, Nov. 20.—The Council of Jewish Women adjourned sine die last night. When Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon was nominated for president for the coming three years, Mrs. DeSola, of Canada, objected because she said Mrs. Solomon did not consecrate the seventh day as the Sabbath. With much emotion Mrs. Solomon said that she consecrated every day in the week, and the incident passed over with the election of Mrs. Solomon. Miss Sadie American, of Chicago, was elected corresponding secretary.

Latest Style in Evangelism.

Litchfield, Ills., Nov 24.—A band of peculiar traveling evangelists, calling themselves "Disciples of the Church of God," is holding forth here. There are six or eight in the band, and they have secured a couple of dozen converts. After an hour of exhortation and prayer, they go off into trances. While in this cataleptic state they usually fall on the floor and are as stiff as a poker. The other night one of the faithful remained in this state for seven hours, and instead of lying down on the floor stood up in the middle of the room.

Of Interest to Old Soldiers.

Washington, Nov. 21. — The public printer has just completed the report of the joint congressional committee on the dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga national military park. It was compiled for the committee by General H. V. Boynton, the historian of the national park commission. It contains 373 pages. All the exercise and speeches of the dedication and the proceedings of the three great army societies in attendance are given at length.

Tennessee Army Society Adjourns.

S. Louis, Nov. 20.—After electing officers, selecting Milwaukee as the next place of meeting, and transacting other business the twenty-eighth annual session of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee has adjourned sine die. The old officers were re-elected. The report of the Sherman statue committee was read. The contract with Carl Rohl-Smith, of Chicago, for the work, which is to cost $90,000, was approved.

Rev. Hull Found Guilty.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 20.—The trial of Rev. James C. Hull, for the attempted poisoning of his wife, came to a sensational end Thursday. Confronted by overwhelming proof of his guilt in the form of aletter which he had written, Hull broke down, changed his plea to guilty, and was sentenced to six years in the penitentiary.

WAS WEYLER AFRAID

MACEO WAS HOT AFTER THE SPANIARD,

Who Concluded That Havana Was the Safest Place if He Desired a Whole Skin—Report That the Spanish Authorities Have Defied the United States.

Havana, Nov. 24.—Captain General Weyler arrived here last evening on board the cruiser Legazpi from Mariel.

New York, Nov. 24.—A dispatch to The World from Jacksonville, Fla., says: A cipher cablegram from Havana last night to a Cuban leader here says that General Weyler has been forced to return to Havana and that the city is in great confusion. Weyler gives no excuse, it is said, except that it is too hot and unhealthy to do any fighting. It is openly asserted in Havana that Weyler became frightened because Maceo had set a price upon his head or his capture. Weyler's scouts informed him that Maceo might make an attempt on Havana and the Spanish general retreated in hot haste to the safety of his palace. It is also stated in the cablegram that Weyler's recall is assured now, as the Spanish government is incensed against him for his dilatory tactics. Cubans here are jubilant, for they think this will have a favorable effect upon congress.

SPANIARDS DEFY YOUR UNCLE SAM.

Competitor Prisoners Tried by a Court Martial in Spite of Lee's Protest.

A dispatch to The World from Havana under date of Nov. 20, says: The Competitor prisoners have been tried by court martial in the Fortress La Cabana in spite of Consul General Lee's official protest, filed just before he left Havana. The exceptions taken by the prisoners were overruled by the naval court, General Lee's note was pigeon-holed, and in defiance of Secretary Olney's intimation of disapproval the Competitor's crew and Melton, the American newspaper correspondent, have again been tried by a drum-head court sitting within the walls of a Spanish fortress, where, according to Captain General Weyler's orders, no representative of the United States consulate may enter.

The prisoners were allowed neither interpreter nor counsel. Those partly acquainted with Spanish were compelled to interpret for the others. So quietly was the affair conducted that Acting Consul General Springer does not yet know, it is said, that the case was virtually closed Nov. 14, on which day Melton, Maza, Dr. Vedia and the witness George Ferran, were forced by Naval Judge Fernandez to sign statements admitting their complicity in the filibustering expedition which the Competitor is alleged to have brought under Monzon and Laborde to the Pinar del Rio coast. This written evidence is now under consideration by the court.

Judge Saul, said yesterday that a decision may be rendered at any moment. It is expected that all the members of the partly whose American citizenship as not been clearly shown will be shot. The bona fide Americans probably will be sentenced to from three to ten years imprisonment in some Spanish penal station off the coast of Africa.

BANK FAILURE AT SIOUX CITY.

First National Closes Its Doors—Run on a Savings Bank Follows.

Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 20.—The First National bank, of Sioux City, closed its doors at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, a result of heavy withdrawals since the failure of the Iowa Savings bank last week. The bank has always been considered as one of the solidest financial institutions in the northwest. It was organized in 1870. E. M. Hubbard, attorney for the bank made the following statement: "There is nothing to say, further than that the bank is closed on account of steady withdrawals and inability to get necesary money. Whether it will reopen again I can not say. No definite statement can be made until the bank examiner comes."

The bank had nearly $400,000 in deposits; loans and discounts,$492,000; capital, $100,000.

Sioux City, Ia., Nov. 20.—The failure of the First National bank caused a run on the Sioux City Savings bank, but it took advantage of the sixty-day law. The firm of J. K. Prugh, china and queensware, has assigned as a result of the failure of the First national. Later in the day a receiver was appointed for the Savings bank, to protect the stockholders and creditors. No further trouble is expected by business men here.

Dole Men Want Annexation.

Honolulu, Nov. 14 [via San Francisco, Nov. 24].—All Hawaii is excited over the prospect of annexation in case of Mr. McKinley's election, which is regarded here by the best judges as certain. Minister of Foreign Affairs Hatch said: "We have every reason to believe annexation in some form will be secured at the next session of congress, and we are preparing for it. We have deemed it advisable to have two representatives at Washington to guard our interests. Our government is pledged to annexation, and the country is prepared for it." Annexation setiment has been strengthened by the arrival of John W. Foster. Foster first discussed cable plans with the government, but afterward he said that after reviewing the whole situation he believed more firmly in annexation than ever, and he could see as never before the importance of closer political union between the United States and Hawaii. He declared that he would work for annexation on his return.

American Citizens in Trouble.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 24.—A number of American citizens are to be prosecuted by the Ontario government for infringment of the provincial laws. The charge for a conditional license to shoot deer in the province is $2 for residents of the Dominion and $20 for outsiders. Several sportsmen from across the line represented themselves to the game wardens as Canadians citizens, thereby securing their licenses for $2.

No More Overtime for Carriers.

Washington, Nov. 24.—The system of allowing overtime claims of letter carriers throughout the country will be practically abolished soon. This is in accordance with the policy begun by First Assistant Postmaster General Jones at the beginning of the administration.

WOMAN STABBED TO DEATH.

Another Bloody Crime Laid at the Door of Burglars.

Hazleton, Pa., Nov. 24.—Mrs. Casper Laboy, of Nesquehoning, was stabbed to death and her husband seriously slashed by robbers who forced an entrance into Laboy's house yesterday morning. Laboy heard the robbers in the house and attacked one of them, who stabbed him in several places. Mrs. Laboy tried to reach the street to call for help, when she was met in the hallway and stabbed to death. Three Hungarians were captured shortly before noon on the outskirts of the town. They were covered with blood and cannot give a clear account of their movements. The greatest excitement prevails and it is feared that an attempt may be made to lynch the men if it can be proven that they are the guilty parties.

HE HAS A BAD EMINENCE.

First Banker in Illinois To Be Sent to the Penitentiary.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—Ex-Banker Anthony Kozel, who failed last May for over $100,000, admitted yesterday that he was guilty of a crime in the handling of the bank's funds, and was surrendered by his bondsmen. He stated that he had decided to abandon any legal fight and to accept his punishment. It has been arranged that he plead guilty to larceny today, and be sent to the penitentiary. He is the first banker in the state to be sent to prison for misusing the funds entrusted to his care. Kozel's bank was one of the oldest on the west side, and had always been regarded as financially sound. It was patronized principally by workingmen and small tradesmen, who lost everything.

FERRIS OF THE GREAT WHEEL DEAD.

Conceiver and Builder of a World's Fair Attraction Passes Away.

Pittsburg, Nov. 23.—George W. G. Ferris, who conceived and built the world-famous Ferris wheel, died at the Mercy hospital in this city at 11 o'clock yesterday morning of typhoid fever. His illness had been very brief, and it was only Friday that he was taken to the hospital. The attending physicians say his system was greatly run down by overwork. His wife came here from Canton that she might be with her husband in his dying moments. He was born at Galesburg, Ills., Feb. 14, 1859; was graduated with high honor by the Rensselaer Polytechnic at New York and conceived the great wheel in 1892.

Double Tragedy in Kentucky.

Mayfield, Ky., Nov. 24.—A murder and suicide occurred here Sunday. B. B. Baker, a farmer of Graves county, recently sued for a divorce. He and his wife had not been living together for some time and bitter feeling existed between them. Sunday Baker went to see his wife at her residence, and when she would not listen to his overtures he shot her through the heart and then shot himself twice through the head. Both died almost instantly.

Filed a Chattel Mortgage.

Detriot, Nov. 24.—Mably & Co., one of the leading retail clothing firms of this city, Monday filed a chattel mortgage for $150,000 to the Union Trust company as trustees for their creditors. A blanket mortgage covering the entire stock of clothing, boots and shoes, men's furnishings, etc., was also made to the Union Trust company.

Girl Burned to Death.

Martinsville, Ind., Nov. 23.—H. M. Wellman's daughter was burned to death near Wakeland, this county. Her clothes ignited while she was building a fire.

Death of the Tenor Campanini.

London, Nov. 24.—The Chronicle announces the death of the great tenor Campanini at Parma.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

Money on call easy at 2½@3 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4½@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange was steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@486½ for demand and 482¾@483 for sixty days; posted rates, 483@483½ and 486½@487; commercial bills, 481.

Silver certificates, 65¼; sales, 2,000; bar silver, 65½; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds strong; 4's registered, 119½; do. coupons, 119½; 5's registered, 112¾; do. coupons, 112¾; 6's registered, 110; do. coupons, 109¾; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 102.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 75¾c, closed 76½c; May, opened 79¼c, closed 80¾c. Corn—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 23½c, closed 23½; May, opened 27c, closed 27c. Oats — November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 18½c, closed 18½c; May, opened 21¾c, closed 22c. Pork—December, opened and closed nominal; January, opened $7.65, closed $7.67½. Lard—December, opened $3.80, closed, $3.82½; January, opened $4.00, closed $4.05.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 8@9½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21c per doz. Poultry — Turkeys, 8c per lb; chickens (hens), 5½c; spring chickens, 6c; roosters, 4c; ducks, 8@8½c; geese, $4.00@6.50. Potatoes—Burbanks, 21@23c per bu; Hebron, 20@23c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.35 per bbl. Honey—White clover combs, 10@13c per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 24,000; sales ranged at $3.60@3.85 pigs, $3.20@3.45 light, $3.00@3.15 rough packing, $3.27½@3.55 mixed, and $3.30@3.50 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.90@5.15 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@4.80 good to choice do., $4.20@4.50 fair to good, $3.70@4.00 common to medium do., $3.50@3.80 butcher steers, $2.65@4.30 stockers, $3.35@3.90 feeders; $1.75@3.60 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@4.00 Texas steers, $3.25@4.10 western rangers, and $3.00@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.40 western, $1.50@2.75 Texans, $1.50@3.50 natives and $2.75@5.20 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 87c; track, 87½@88c; No. 2 hard cash, 73c nominal; December, 86¾@86¾c; May, 88¾c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 22; December; 22c bid; May, 25c bid. Oats—No. 2 cash, 19c bid; May, 22½c bid. Rye—34½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Nov. 23.

Wheat—Cash white, 91¼c bid; cash red, 91½c bid; December, 91½c bid; May, 93½c.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Mount Vernon, Ills., Nov. 20.—The supreme court of this state has made a most important ruling in its opinion deciding the case of T. B. Rhodes and others against the Missouri Savings and Loan company. Rhodes claimed usury on the part of the association, but on this point the court says: "In a building association organized under the act of the legislature in this state providing for the organization of homestead associations for the purpose of loaning its funds only among its members, no interest, premium, or fines accruing to it are usurious."

The Missouri Saving and Loan company, the court finds, is not organized under the act of the legislature of this state above referred to, but obtains its authority from the laws of Missouri, and unless the association is given the benefit of the Illinois laws it is guilty of usury.

Confesses and Clears a Mystery.

Kewanee, Ills., Nov. 24.—Charles Bull has confessed to the robbery of $4,000 from his employers. His confession clears up a mystery which has been puzzling the sheriff and his deputies for three weeks. Bull worked for Otto and Henry Rastede, who kept their valuable papers and money in a tin box buried under the front porch, because Henry Rastede's wife objected to the presence of so much money in the house. Three weeks ago Bull saw Henry Rastede come from beneath the porch, and the next day, when his employers were away, he discovered the treasure and removed it. The papers were burned in an adjacent cornfield. Footprints were found in the soft ground which were exactly fitted to Bull's shoes.

Slandered a Female Doctor.

Springfield, Ills., Nov. 24.—Dr. Flora MacIvor, of Jacksonville, has instituted suit for $25,000 in the United States federal court against William C. Cole, Carl Black, Thomas J. Pittner and Elmer F. Baker, members of the Morgan County Medical society, for malicious slander. Miss MacIvor charges that they offered a resolution before the society warning the people of Jacksonville that she was a co-respondent in a divorce suit against Dr. A. L. Lamone, and the jury had returned a verdict against her. This resolution is said to have been adopted and 300 copies scattered over the country.

Pest Among Illinois Fruit.

Springfield, Ills., Nov. 21.—State Entomologist Forbes calls the attention of fruit growers to the fact that San Jose scale, the most destructive of pests, has appeared at Quincy and points in Shelby and Sangamon counties. He requests those who have received nursery stock since 1887 from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Long Island, Maryland, Waycross (Ga.), Cambridge (Mass.), Florida, or Idaho to carefully examine those trees for scale insects and report the results to him at Urbana.

Nicholson Law for Illinois.

Springfield, Ills., Nov. 23.—The executive committee of the Christian Citizenship League, of Illinois, held a meeting here to prepare plans for a concentration of all religious forces in the state, with the object of securing the enactment of reform laws by the next legislature, one of which is to be similar to the Indiana Nicholson law.

Strike of Miners at Carbon Hill.

Braidwood, Ills., Nov. 21.—By action of the sub-district a strike has been declared at No. 1 shaft of the Star Coal company at Carbon Hill. The company has, in violation of an agreement entered into with the miners at Joliet last April, it is claimed, replaced the old seven-eighths screen with a two-inch screen, a virtual reduction of 25 per cent. on the mining price.

Wants Her Name Changed.

Rock Island, Ills., Nov. 21.—Mrs. Eva L. Bastian, wife of the Blackhawk murderer and suicide, has petitioned the court for permission to resume her maiden name of Eva L. Johnson. She also asks that the children, Mildred and Esther, be allowed to assume the name of Johnson.

Nolle Prossed the Indictment.

Peoria, Ills., Nov. 23.—The state's attorney Saturday morning nolle prossed the indictment against Simon Shaffer of Chicago, ex-representative in the legislature, who was indicted for attempting to get money from Peoria distillers to influence legislation.

State Notes.

Catholic Knights of America held their state meeting at Decatur, Ills. One hundred delegates were present These officers were elected: State spiritual adviser, Very Rev. S. J. Macken, Decatur; president, H. A. Pecher, Chicago.

Alderman John Brennan, of Chicago, has been prosecuted by the International Sunday Observance League for violating the state law by keeping his saloon open Sunday. He was fined $50 and costs and took an appeal.

A forty acre tract of government land lying in Seminary township, Fayette county, Ills., has just been preempted by D. W. Seybert. In looking over some reports he discovered the land had not been taken.

John Mulligan, a young miner at the R shaft of the C., W. & V. Coal company, Braidwood, Ills., while coming up on the cage was caught by the timbers of the doorway and crushed to death.

McKinley's official majority in Illinois is 124,908.

Andrew Rising of Galesburg, Ills., despondent over an unfortunate land deal in Texas, hanged himself to a tree.

Gomez Heard from.

New York, Nov. 23.—The protracted silence of Commander-in-Chief Maximo Gomez of the Cuban army, which had caused considerable anxiety among Cubans here as to his safety, has at last been broken and the junta in this city has received a communication from him. In this communication General Gomez says that he has at his command 30,000 well equipped men, and that with these he intends to proceed to Havana provi[nce].

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Nov. 18.

The woman suffrage amendment to the Idaho state convention received a majority of 5,000 votes at the recent election.

Agnes Burch was killed at a Chicago grade crossing of the Western Indiana road. David Martin was badly hurt, but may recover.

Li Hung Chang has sent an order for 10,000 tons of steel rails to the Carnegie company. The Carnegie company has also received an order from Japan for 5,000 tons of rails.

Judge Parker, famous all over the country for his fearless administration of justice, having imposed the death penalty upon more criminals than any other jurist in the United States, died at Fort Smith, Ark.

Despondency over political reverses led James Hannaford, recently Democratic candidate for county clerk of Peoria county, Ills., to shoot himself through the head. He lived but a few hours after firing the bullet.

Thursday, Nov. 19.

The New York World publishes a story in which it places the fund handled by Republicans in the recent campaign at only $1,462,000.

The Boston art commission has finally decided to permit the public library trustees to accept MacMonnies' statue of "Bacchante."

Judge Kohler at Massillon, O., has rendered a decision holding sleeping-car companies liable for money stolen from passengers.

The executive officers of the railway brotherhoods of the country are to hold an important meeting in Chicago on Friday, Nov. 20.

Joseph H. Manley has writen a letter for publication, stating that he is not a candidate for any office in the gift of the incoming administration, and that he would not accept a position should one be offered him.

The Woman's Republican league, of Brooklyn, will present Mrs. William McKinley with a beautiful solid gold vase suitably engraved to fit the circumstances. The vase is 12 inches high with crescent top and a frosted finish.

Friday, Nov. 20.

Three Louisville, Ky., silverites paid an election bet by eating a cat. One of the trio was made so ill that he had to be taken to his home in a carriage.

By Dec. 15 the last plank of the national convention auditorium at St. Louis in which McKinley was nominated, will probably have been hauled away.

A fire-damp explosion has occurred in a colliery at Recklinghausen, Westphalia. Twenty-five bodies have been recovered and forty or fifty men are known to be still entombed.

The East St. Louis Packing company, which had a plant valued at from $300,000 to $400,000 in East St. Louis, and also maintained a large establishment in St. Louis, has closed up owing to the small profit of business.

The Paris municipal council, without debate, voted the expenses incurred by the municipality upon the occasion of the recent visit of the czar and czarina to Paris.

Saturday, Nov. 21.

The report from Rome per New York Sun special is that Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Chuch of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., has been appointed by the pope rector of the Roman Catholic university at Washington, D. C., to succeed Bishop John J. Keane.

Moses Thatcher, for many years an apostle in the Mormon church, has been disfellowshipped because he became a candidate for United States senator without consulting the church authorities.

The entire police force of Helena, Mont., threatens to strike Dec. 1 as a protest against being paid in city warrants.

Banker John L. Farwell, of the Sullivan County Institution for Savings of Claremont, N. H., has gone to Europe and has left $1,000,000 of largely depreciated or worthless paper behind him.

Mrs. Anna Newman, aged over 100 years, was struck by a Cumberland and Pennsylvania freight train, between Mount Savage and Corriganville, in Allegheny county, Pa., while walking on the track. She was almost instantly killed.

Monday, Nov. 23.

Fire at Waterloo, Ia., damaged the building and stock of the Fowler company, wholesale grocers, to the extent of $17,000. Insurance $33,000.

The police of Seville, Spain, have discovered a quantity of dynamite in the house of a man suspected of plotting against the government.

Hebrews of Cincinnati are indignant because the president in his Thanksgiving proclamation refers to Jesus Christ as "him who taught us how to pray."

The Order of Kings Daughters is in session at St. Louis this week.

Richard W. Croker, ex-chief of Tammany, has arrived at New York from England, where he has been for a year or two.

Heavy snow is reported in Washington, New Hampshire and Vermont.

It is stated at Topeka, Kas., that there are 400 deserted wives in that city.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

While Following the Call of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Mishap—In a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd had told a story of the gun or dog or fishpole except a printer who looked about as much like a hunter or fisherman as he did like an angel.

"It's your turn now, Muggins," said the reporter.

"I never hunted anything but boarding houses over in Brooklyn," he said, with a wan and dodging kind of air, as if people threw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story.

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either got to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one."

He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up again immediately and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me think a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too frigid to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and, gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a coon, mebbe, or a fox or a possum or as little as a squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth.

"I was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, like I do now, and it was just the finest on earth and no mistake." And his wan face lighted up as if he were looking through the open gates of paradise. "I recollect I had a dog that was considerable of a hunting dog, but he was an unrestless kind of a cuss, and when he treed anything he would do a lot of barking at first, but if somebody didn't come mighty quick he would give it up and go moseying along after the next thing in sight. One night I was out with him after coons, and about 9 o'clock I heard him bark like he was over in a clump of woods about a half mile away. I knew I was going to have to get to him pretty quick if I found him there at all, and I started across a field toward the woods as fast as I could go. It was a stubble field with sink holes like you find all over Kentucky in the limestone parts, and the place was dark, though the moon was just beginning to show above the woods. I was thinking more about what the dog had than anything else, and as I went banging through the field, all at once I seemed to drop off of the earth and fall into a cellar, and then I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just what had happened. Of course I hadn't much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thicket, I lit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind, I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head.

"When I went down, I went hard, and I kind of knocked the wind out of the varmint at first, but in a second it began to yowl and snap and snarl and to twist under me and try to get out and to raise the dickens generally. In the meantime I was yelling and squawking and trying to scare the blamed thing, because I thought it was a wildcat, and I knew a boy of my size didn't have any show with a wildcat if the varmint ever took a notion to fight, and I knew pretty well that a wildcat was about as sure to take a notion to fight as anything on earth. I don't know exactly what I did in that hole or how I did it, but I remember it seemed about a month of Sundays that I was all mussed up in there with some kind of a wild animal, and finally the thing got from under me and scooted as fast as it could for the top of the sink hole. I followed after it as quick as I could, for I became braver when I saw it run, and when I got up on the level the moon had come out, and I could see the varmint fairly skinning it out for the tall timber. I yelled at it with all my might, though I didn't run after it very fast, and began to call my dog. On the second call the varmint stopped, and I began to get ready to skin out myself, when I got a better look, and, by the great horn spoon, gents, it was my dog. I called him then, and he came back to me, and I could see for myself that he had holed something down there in the sink, and his barking had been smothered and sounded away off to me, and of course when I dropped in on him unexpectedly like that he didn't know anything about it, and neither did I, and there we was. In any event, gentlemen," concluded the former Corncracker, "that dog come trotting back to me, and when we met face to face in the moonlight he sorter looked at me, and I sorter looked at him, and I don't know which one of us felt most like apologizing. I do know, though, we both knocked off for that occasion, and on the way home we took turn about sneaking along behind each other, me and the dog."—New York Sun.

Parisian Pagans.

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well known litterateurs, poets and artists have banded themselves into a society for the adoration of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the Parisian fancy, and converts are announced every day.

CONSULTING THE CLOCK.

Familiar Faces That Are Seldom Overlooked by New Yorkers.

One of the popular habits of the people of New York city is to consult the clock almost on every occasion when an opportunity is presented. It matters little whether any special need requires that consultation or not, the clock will thus be consulted. Especially is this the case if a particular clock has the reputation of being a good timekeeper. So well is this known by many storekeepers that they will place clocks in their stores so situated as to be easily seen by persons who may be passing along the adjacent sidewalk. If the clock has a good reputation, and the pedestrian is fortunate enough to carry a watch, a comparison is almost sure to be made.

Many times a clock with a good reputation placed in the back part of a store becomes a protection thereof, especially at night, if near it is located a light strong enough to illuminate its face and show the time. A policeman told a reporter the other day that a good clock thus situated is better than a private watchman for a jewelry store, as every belated passerby is likely to look through the store to see what time it is, and would be almost certain to notice anything unusual in the appearance of the place. It therefore becomes indirectly a silent watchman guarding the premises against the depredations of burglars and makes the pedestrians, as it were, assistants in the work.

Church clocks have always had a large number of patrons in the work of consultation, and nothing seems to be so annoying as to find such a clock inactive. When an event of this character occurs, especially if the church is located on or near a busy thoroughfare, the fact of the clock being stopped, or that some defect appears to exist, is often made the subject of a notice in the daily papers. Especially was this the case when the steeple of old St. Paul's was recently undergoing renovation, and it was a joy to many on noticing that the newly gilded hands of the clock were again traveling along their accustomed circuit and the deep toned bell was ready to strike the hour once more.—New York Mail and Express.

THE MAGIC RING.

A Boy's First Circus and His Impressions of Coralie the Peerless.

A thud of unseen hoofs first set us a-quiver; then a crash of cymbals, a jangle of bells, a hoarse, applauding roar, and Coralie was in the midst of us, whirling past 'twixt earth and sky, now erect, flush, radiant, now crouched to the flowing mane, swung and tossed and molded by the maddening dance music of the band. The mighty whip of the count in the frock coat marked time with pistol shots; his warcry, whooping clear above the music, fired the blood with a passion for splendid deeds, as Coralie, laughing exultantly, crashed through the paper hoops. We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream colored horse of fairy breed, long tailed, roe footed—an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one—it was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before—that held us spellbound.

What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hourglass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there, slow of movement and given to deprecating, lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation. From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high strung moments I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, pacing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations, I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles.—Kenneth Grahame in Scribner's.

A Great Brandy Drinker.

"I have seen the statement that no man could drink half a gallon of brandy a day for more than a very short time," said John L. Smith of Linden, Va., "but there is a man living in the town I reside in who has never missed drinking that much brandy in a day for 20 years. His name is John Hudnall, and he owns a brandy distillery near Linde. He has used liquor as a beverage since early youth, and for the past 20 years has consumed half a gallon of brandy a day. He is not an inebriate by any means, not becoming intoxicated by the brandy. He is hale and hearty and stands well in the community where he lives as a business man. No explanation can be given of his remarkable power of withstanding the effects of liquor, but no one who knows him doubts the statement as to his having taken the amount I have said. It has not impaired his digestion in the slightest degree, as it is usually claimed it will do."—Washington Star.

School Improvement.

In the Federated Clubs of Illinois the women are working earnestly to improve the public schools of the state. With this aim they take up different phases of school work, in the first place visiting the schools not as critics but as learners, so as to co-operate with schoolteachers in securing improvements that are needed. Certain members study the hygienic conditions of the schools; others make it their duty to watch all school legislation and to learn something of the value of the best new methods of education.

When using medicine droppers, the ordinary glass tube with a rubber bulb fitted on, it is well to remember that 60 drops make one teaspoonful.

Salt is a good barometer. When it is damp, rain is probable.

HOMING PIGEONS.

POINTS FROM FANCIERS ON THESE INTELLIGENT BIRDS.

Careful Observers Declare That the Birds Fly by Sight—The Four Points In Homing Pigeons Which Fanciers Consider of Prime Importance.

What the peculiar gift is which enables the pigeon to return to its home from great distances is a matter upon which authorities disagree. The most general opinion among those who know anything of the subject is that the birds fly by sight alone. This theory would seem to be borne out by the fact that the best and most highly bred of racing birds have frequently been lost in the London fogs. The fact that instinct is unerring and that the homing pigeon not only frequently errs, but exhibits at times great indecision as to the correct course for him to pursue, seems to preclude the idea that he is governed solely by instinct. The theory which is most generally accepted is that the bird is gifted with remarkable eyesight and also with a memory for landmarks which is superior to a similar faculty in any other animal. That the bird possesses a high order of intelligence is shown from the fact that homers which have become lost in a race will frequently return to the room in which they have been kept at the starting point of their speed test.

In selecting homing pigeons for racing purposes even the best fanciers often pick out birds as most like racers that cannot fly 20 miles without becoming lost. The meanest, most scraggy looking bird, without a single good point, sometimes leaves its handsome competitor, who is, to all appearances, perfect in physical proportions, far in the rear. Still, fanciers look with interest at four points in a homing pigeon which are considered of prime importance. The first of these is, strange as the fact may appear to a novice in the art, the eye. Mr. Starr, one of the foremost and most successful of American fanciers, has this to say of the eye:

"The white eye may mean the cumulet, and, if so, indicates that the bird will fly high, have great endurance and wing power. If the eye is dark, the head round and the beak short and close fitting, there will be a preponderance of the owl type, and the result will be that the bird will fly later at night than any other type. But, whatever the character of the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head and be so placed that the bird should have a view of what is behind as well as before it. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, showing to what a great strain the powers of vision have been subjected."

While Mr. Starr, in common with other successful American fanciers, pays little or no attention either to the size or shape of the head, this point is the second at which European fanciers look with interest. It is generally conceded that the shape makes but little difference. The skull may be flat, long and narrow, or high, short and wide, but it must have room for the brain, and for a large brain at that, or else the bird is not considered a likely candidate for racing honors. Great stress is laid on this organ by all Belgium and Holland fanciers, but in this country the feature is almost entirely overlooked.

The chest should be broad and is of as great importance as the wing. A narrow chested bird can fly no great distance without exerting the muscles which give fullness to the breast beyond their endurance. The wings and tail should both be exceptionally long, as the tail acts as a rudder, and the shorter wings require much added exertion for the same amount of flying.

The color of a pigeon has no significance, but the rule in breeding is to cross the colors when practicable.

Even the best bred of the homers require most careful and intelligent training before they are entered in races. While the physique of the bird is well developed at the age of 10 weeks, it is thought best to give a considerably longer time for the brain to develop before the bird is trained for the work which lies ahead of him. At the age of 4 months the first trial trips may be made, and he is then flown from distances of between 2 and 90 miles at intervals of two or three days apart. Many birds are lost in these trial trips, and those which return safely from the longer trial trips may be considered fit to enter in the young bird races. The shortest of these is 100 miles in length, and birds are not supposed to be flown more than 90 miles before taking part in the speed trials.

For the young birds the system of training is supposed to accomplish two widely different results. In the first place they teach the young bird to return to his loft, and in the second they develop the muscles and prepare them for the hard work which the races will require of them. Training trips for older birds are made with the sole view of getting their muscles limbered up again and toughened for the longer races.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mark Twain on Interviewing.

Mark Twain does not like to be interviewed. His opinion of the literary ability of the average interviewer is not at all flattering to the latter either. In a talk with Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain once said: "I think the poorest article I ever wrote and destroyed was better worth reading than any interview with me that ever was published. I would like just once to interview myself, so as to show the possibilities of the interview."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The forgetmenot has two or three emblematic meanings. One is suggested by its name; the other was probably originated by its color. Blue among flowers is generally associated with the tender passion.

In 12 days' time the distance between New York and St. Petersburg may be traversed.

FIRST MAN TO TAKE ETHER.

It Was Administered to Him by Dr. Morton In 1846.

Some interesting facts regarding the first patient under ether are told by Dr. Samuel A. Green in his Groton Historical Series.

The subject was Ebenezer Hopkins Frost, a native of Groton, now dead, who is well remembered by many persons in Boston. He was a son of Solomon and Dorcas (Hopkins) Frost and was born on Dec. 7, 1824. He became noted as a singer and teacher of vocal music, and was a member of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston.

Dr. Morton first tried on himself the experiment of inhaling ether, and in describing the effect it produced he said:

"Delighted with the success of this experiment, I immediately announced the result to the persons employed in my establishment, and waited impatiently for some one upon whom I could make a fuller trial. Toward evening a man residing in Boston came in suffering great pain and wishing to have a tooth extracted. He was afraid of the operation, and asked if he could be mesmerized. I told him I had something better, and saturating my handkerchief gave it to him to inhale. It was dark and Dr. Hayden held the lamp while I extracted a firmly rooted bicuspid tooth.

"There was not much alteration in the pulse and no relaxation of the muscles. He recovered in a minute, and knew nothing of what had been done to him. He remained for some time talking about the experiment. This was on the 30th of September, 1846. I considered it to be the first demonstration of this new fact in science. I have heard of no one who can prove an earlier demonstration. If any one can do so, I yield to him the point of priority of time."

Immediately after the operation Frost gave a certificate corroborating the statements and signed himself as then living at 42 Prince street, Boston. Nearly 20 years afterward he died at Fitchburg, on Sept. 7, 1865.

THEY BOTH GOT MAD.

A Mountaineer Visits a Postoffice and His Experience There.

He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit relatives. It was his first visit away from his home. The second day after he arrived he went to the postoffice to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air thar any mail fer me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

"What's your name?" was the inquiry.

"Louder."

"I say, what's your name?" asked the postmaster in a little more positive manner.

"Louder."

"I say, what's your name?" yelled the postmaster, sticking his head through the window into the face of the young man.

"Why, dad drat your ugly time, I've told yer three times my name was Louder," yelled the mountaineer. "T. J. Louder, and if yer didn't belong to ther gov'ment I'd crawl over thar and pick your years. Soon es a man gits er gov'ment job round here he begins to put on airs, and I'm not one to put up with it."

The postmaster fished out a letter from a musty hole and gave it to him, although he was mad himself.—Washington Star.

St. Patrick and the Snakes.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick banished all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one, probably, seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus seriously endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astonished by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken musical instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken bowlder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.—St. Louis Republic.

A Conscientious Grace.

In "The Hutchinson Family" Mr. John W. Hutchinson tells this story of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, years ago minister at Milford, N. H.: "On one occasion he was asked to officiate at a Masonic celebration where a prayer was considered germane to the proceedings. All his denomination were opposed to the mystic order, and at first he hesitated, but finally complied, and at the appointed time and place made his appearance and offered the following prayer: 'O Lord, we pray for we know not what. If it is good, bless it; if it is bad, cuss it. World without end. Amen!'"

A Leper Hospital.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. Year after year these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, they themselves literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travelers.

CRADLE SONG.

To sleep the corn is sinking,
For heavy hangs its head;
The timid flowers are shrinking
From darkness in their bed.

The evening breezes flocking,
Like gentle angels blest,
Come softly, softly rocking
The corn and flowers to rest.

Just as the flowers are shrinking,
So timid, too, art thou,
And as the corn heads sinking,
So nods thy dear head now.

And sounds of evening winging,
Like gentle angels blest,
Come round thy cradle, singing
My darling one to rest.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

LABRADOR DOGS.

How a Number of Them Went on an Impromptu Hunt.

The dogs of Labrador are not only most useful as draft animals, but for hunting as well. A writer in Forest and Stream, who has spent several seasons in Labrador, relates a rather thrilling experience with a team of these dogs, who, he says, trot along contentedly enough so long as there is no game in sight, but the moment they scent game they seem to conclude that dragging a sled is for them merely a side issue; that their actual mission in life is to go after the game whenever it is within range. He says:

"A thaw had been followed by a frost, and the snow covering the ice on the lakes was frozen hard. So four of our party got on the sleigh to have a final drive. They started in great glee, and just as they rounded the first point they saw a fine young caribou buck about 500 yards ahead. As soon as the dogs saw it they gave a yelp like a pack of wolves and started like an arrow from a bow after the caribou, which looked round on hearing the yelp, saw its pursuers and flew over the ice, keeping in the middle of the lake. When the dogs started with a jerk, one of the party was thrown off violently and slid a long way on the hard snow before he could pull up, feeling redhot from the friction and gazing wistfully after his fast disappearing comrades, who clung to the sleigh like grim death and enjoyed this novel hunt. Of course, there was not the slightest chance of their catching the animal, which, instead of making for the bush on the nearest shore, held on in the middle of the lake, right up to the end, where it took to the woods. The impromptu hunters soon found themselves in a difficulty, for it was impossible to stop the dogs, who could not realize that they had a sleigh behind them with passengers. The driver tried in vain to stop them, and there was every probability of broken limbs or necks when they would strike the bush. However, they soon made up their minds and dropped off one by one, rolling over and over in the snow, or sliding some distance away, with much damage to their nether garments and much abrasion of the cuticle. Meanwhile the dogs, relieved of the weight, rushed after the deer, and, entering the woods, got tangled up among the trees, and, as usual on such occasions, wound up with a free fight among themselves. After extricating them the party re-embarked and drove quietly back to the house, where they repaired damages, related their adventure and wrote it down in the club's logbook."

Nature's Cold Storage House.

In the valley of the Petchora river, which flows from the Ural mountains into the Arctic ocean near Nova Zembla, there is a state of things which is attracting the attention of naturalists and is only one more example of how judiciously nature does her work when her primitive conditions are observed. This valley has a sturdy growth of crowberries, cloudberries, cranberries, any number of small fruit bearing plants, with heath moss and lichens, some of which bear seed and fruit in great profusion. A prominent ornithologist, in the course of his researches in this locality, stopped for a little time. There were millions of acres covered with these growths. The arctic summer has a perpetual sun, and the indigenous plants and trees grow and develop with great rapidity. The summer comes suddenly, and with it innumerable birds of all varieties, but they come to what seems a barren waste, for there is nothing visible but snow and ice. Within 24 hours, however, this frostbound region changes its appearance. The snow dissolves, the ice melts away, and nature's bounty stands revealed. The autumn snows fall here and cover the plants, with their loads of fruit, keeping it in the most perfect condition until the springtime, when it furnishes food for the millions of birds that make this their summer home.—New York Ledger.

New York Chinese Quarters.

There is one feature of New York amusements that is wholly unknown to the Chinaman, and that is the concert garden. To congregate in a public place to drink intoxicating beverages, listen to sensuous music and watch vulgar displays of the human figure, to be waited upon by young women of more than questionable character, to take part in profane and obscene talk, all this is beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and nowhere in the Chinese quarter, from beginning to end, can such a place be found. But they are found on the Bowery, and Germans, Irishmen, Italians and Jews fill the places to the doors.—Helen F. Clark in Century.

Too Much to Swallow.

"Inkwell nearly lost his job on the paper yesterday."

"How was that?"

"He handed in an account of the athletic sports and said one of the winners of the foot races was a messenger boy."—Washington Times.

When Nero made his artistic tour as a musician and actor through the cities of Greece, more than 400 crowns were bestowed upon him, and when he returned to Rome he decreed himself a triumph and entered the city with these crowns borne in solemn procession.

A QUEER EPITAPH.

In Memory of Two Boys Who Thought They Ate Mushrooms.

Piscataway is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey. It was founded in 1666 and was intended to be the capital of the colony, but it did not grow, while its rivals, New Brunswick, Rahway and Elizabeth, became thriving villages. At present there is little to interest the casual visitor to the sleepy village, but that little is good of its kind.

There is old Mr. Mundy, the village wheelwright, who at 80 is still a fine shot with gun or rifle. Twenty-five years ago he accompanied a New York merchant on a hunting trip to the far west, and since then not a year has passed without their taking a hunting trip to the west or south. Old as these cronies are, they cannot make up their minds to forego their hunting. Then there is the old cider mill whose ramshackle appearance belies the purity and strength of the applejack resting in its dark cellar. Finally, there is the cemetery of the old Episcopal church, the first house of worship erected in the place. In response to inquiries the other day the sexton, who holds also the offices of gravedigger and roadmaster said:

"Well, there might be some interesting gravestones there, and then again there mightn't. They don't interest me. There is one old brown stone which has fallen down and is out of place. I wanted to throw it away, but the minister wouldn't let me. That might be interesting to you."

"Is there any inscription on it?"

"No, there isn't. It is just covered with words from top to bottom—no poetry, no nothing—just words."

The stone was found easily, although partly overgrown with moss and myrtle. After much cleaning the following inscription was made out:

Spectators, under
Here in this tomb
Lie 2 boyes.
The elder was full
Ten years old, the yon-
Ger was twice
Told. By eating
Mushrooms for
Food rare, in day
Time they poyseoned
Were. A. E. Hard Hoop-
er and Charlie Hooper,
Deesced, 1800.

The meaning of "the younger was twice told" is somewhat obscure, but it is supposed that he was but five years old.

An inscription upon the tombstone of James Thompson, who died in 1768, was once very popular with the country people in New Jersey. Three others in the graveyard are similar to it:

Remember, friend, as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I,
In health and strength, though here I lie.
As I am now so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me.

—New York Sun.

JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defense Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defense against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoid society—the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mountains.

There used to be held, in accordance with Murchison's well known geological views, the general theory that mountains were mainly due to cracks which took place in the surface of the earth in remote periods, but this idea is no longer entertained by scientific men. As to the form of mountains, that which is known as table mountain finds the best example, curiously enough, at the cape of Good Hope, a mountain, it is believed, due not to any action or phenomenon of upheaval, but to the sinking of the surrounding districts or territory. Why these peculiarly defined areas did not sink was owing, it is thought, to the probable fact that the ground under them cooled before the rest of the section, and thus the table mountain had the earlier foundation and has long retained its place. There would always be denudation, however, though proportionate with its surroundings, and therefore, owing to this fact of being higher at the start, it still keeps to its approximate elevation.

No Thanks.

A Bath physician has been having hard work to get one of his patients, a small boy, to take the medicine that he has prescribed. One day he offered the little fellow 5 cents if he would take it. The offer was accepted, the medicine taken, and the physician handed him the money. "Aren't you going to thank the doctor?" asked the mother. "No, I'm not. I don't thank people for paying me what I earn!" was the reply.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

THE SONG OF THE OX WAGON.

This is the song of the straining span, the tune
of the tattered tilt,
Of the slow essays in perilous ways of the wag-
on stoutly built,
The song that was sung in the ancient tongue
when the days of the world dawned gray,
The creaking croon of the disselboom, the song
that is sung today.

East and west and south and north the first
born herdsmen spread,
From the waters clear of the high Pamir, from
the ancient Oxus bed.
On and on to the plains of the Don their creak-
ing wagons ran,
And the disselboom showed out the doom that
has given the earth to man.

Over the sands of the thirsty lands, under a
brazen sky,
Where the only law men bow before is the law
of the assegai,
Forth and forth to the dim far north where the
broad Zambezi flows
Still today in the ancient way the rumbling
wagon goes.

Through the forest ways where the wild things
graze, the dappled, the fawn, the gray;
Where the tall "kameel" at sunset steal like
ghosts to the silent vley;
Where the lions drink at the reedy brink of the
slowly shallowing pan,
The disselboom shows out the doom that has
given the earth to man.

Slow and slow the wagons go by thicket and
thorn and pool,
But their thin path traced on the homeless
waste is the road of the coming rule,
And in dread of that track the wild slinks
back, and the thief and the beast give
place
To the farm and field and the yearly yield of
the men of the wiser race.

East and west and south and north from the
days of the dawn till now,
Ere grass was burned or sod was turned by
the share of the furrowing plow,
This was the tune of the tattered tilt, the song
of the straining span,
How the disselboom points out the doom that
has given the earth to man.

—St. James Gazette.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

It was an October day, and the air was charged with the aromatic sharpness that follows the change in nature caused by the first frost. The sounds of the woods had changed from the summer murmur to the autumn rustle, and nature, like an aging coquette, was dressing herself in gaudy colors for her last season. The maples were clustered in crimson magnificence on the knolls and ridges, while the elms and ashes in the hollows clothed themselves in softest yellows shot with green. And in the fields departing summer was shod with the russet of the stubble lands.

Through this scene of melancholy beauty was wandering fitfully, now half running, now sitting down, disquieted and unnerved, a man who seemed strangely out of keeping with it all. He was tall and gaunt, sharp eyed, and in moments of repose a man who bore all the marks of authority. His lips involuntarily shaped themselves to a "sneer of cold command," and his high, pale brow, with its bright, transparent skin, spoke of ceaseless thought.

But he was acting like one possessed. He would walk along rapidly for a few moments, scanning the trees like an Indian got hunter and holding his gun in readiness for a quick shot. Then he would stop suddenly, arrested by a thought. Sometimes the thought would be one that would wring an oath from his lips, and sometimes it would bring to his face a look of perplexity that would end in the nervous laugh that tells of an uncomfortable feeling at the heart—the kind that often brings a moisture to the eyes and a choking feeling to the throat. Hiram Pratt was stirred to the depths of his nature—stirred as he thought he never could be. At one moment he would regret the impulse that had taken him back to his old home on the farm, and at the next he would thrill with boyish delight at the thought of bagging gray squirrels and quail, just as he used in his youth. His friends in New York would have been "deeply concerned" could they have seen him.

He had just spent the night with his mother in the old log house where he was born and had learned anew something that he had forgotten. In his business career he had schooled himself to consider money everything and sentiment nothing, but in that old house sentiment was supreme and counted for more than the riches of a palace. When he asked his mother why she did not live in the fine brick house which he had had built for her and which his brother now lived in, she replied:

"Why, Hiram, your father brought me here when we were married and when there wasn't five acres cleared on the farm. You were all born here, and all who are dead died here, and as I potter about you are all with me as you were when you were young. It wouldn't be the same in the new house."

Then she put up her old wrinkled face to be kissed as in the other days, and the worldly man stooped and kissed her. As he did the hardness of his heart chilled him like a curse, and snatching up a candle he hastened to the room her loving hands had prepared for him. All night he tossed on his pillow, striving to strike a balance between the love and tenderness he had lost and the millions he had gained, and it was because the problem was still painfully unsolved that he wandered about so distractedly through the October woods.

At last he came to the thicket where there used to be a covey of partridges every fall, but now there was no whirring of wings at his approach. But the fallen oak round which they used to hide and beside which he used to set the figure of four trap in the old days before the game laws were enforced was still there in almost the same condition as when he saw it last. He seated himself on the mossy trunk, and as his mind gradually quieted, soothed by the peace of nature, he went back to his boyhood and lived it all over again.

At last he remembered, and the memory came to him with the shock of a discovery who his companion and guide used to be in almost all his hunting expeditions. Old Sam Ehret! Could it be possible that he was still alive? Of course it could? Sam was only 15 years older than he was, though everybody called him "old" 30 years ago. But that was only on account of his almost senile simplicity and natural shiftlessness. Sam couldn't be more than 63 yet, and of course he must be alive. What times they used to have, trapping mink and shooting squirrels. This train of thought cleared the moral atmosphere for the millionaire at once. He would not be satisfied with coming to the old farm; he would go back to his youth and go out hunting with Sam. He had no real intention of doing any hunting when he left the house and had merely picked up the old gun as an excuse to get away to the woods, where he would be alone with his troubled thoughts. But now he would visit old Sam, and they would have an afternoon of hunting. This decision gave him such a thrill that out of pure exuberance of spirits he forgot his gun was loaded and cocked, swung it up and drew a bead on a clump of leaves in the top of a tall hickory. The explosion that instantly followed, sending the echoes rolling through the woods and starting the crows cawing, brought him out of his dreams with a shock, but the sound of the gun revived all his passion for shooting. After carefully reloading the old muzzle loader he started toward Sam's farm.

As he reached the farm he was surprised to find it so changed. There were new barns and stables and a new house, and everything was spick and span. He expected to see tumble down buildings and rickety fences instead of evidences of prosperity. But he strode cheerily across the field toward the house, inhaling the smell of the newly plowed soil, resolved to find out from the first person he met what had become of old Sam. Presently he saw a man busily digging in a ditch at the end of a field and directed his steps toward him. As he approached nearer he could hardly believe himself. It was undoubtedly his old friend, working away as if his life depended on it.

"Hello, Sam," he called cheerily as he came within hailing distance, "how are you?"

The digger stopped, looked at the stranger with an inquiring stare and answered half shyly:

"Hello! Nice day."

"Why, don't you remember me?"

"I must say you've got the start of me."

Pratt held up the index finger of his left hand, showing a rough, corrugated nail, and asked, with a laugh:

"What! You surely don't forget the fellow who went to pull the woodchuck out of the hollow tree in Black's woods and almost had his finger bitten off, do you?"

Sam's grizzled and whiskered face lit up suddenly, and he scrambled out of the ditch.

"Why!" he exclaimed as he transferred the mud from his hand to the leg of his trousers. "If it ain't little Hiram Pratt. Well, now," and he shook hands with him vigorously, "when did you get home?"

"Last night."

"Well, well, and you've come back to see us again. My, how you have grown and changed! Well, I suppose we've all got to get older. How's your mother? Glad to see you, wasn't she? Well, well! And they tell me you've got awful rich. I suppose you could buy out all the old neighbors now, couldn't you?"

Pratt laughed at the estimate of his wealth—he could have bought the whole county and turned it into a shooting park had he wished—and modestly replied that he didn't think he could do that, though he had got along pretty well. Then he changed the subject by remarking on old Sam's evident prosperity.

"Yes," said the old man delightedly, "things are lookin better, ain't they? But of course you heard all about it?"

Pratt had not heard.

"Oh, no," he said, "this ain't my doings at all. They are Walter's. My oldest boy, Walter, you know. Jee! I guess he was born after you left, wasn't he? Well, well, how time does fly, to be sure. I tell you, Walter is a mighty smart boy, but an awful fellow to work," and a half frightened expression came over his face.

As old Sam said this he jumped back into the ditch and picked up his shovel as if he were going to dig again.

"Well," said Pratt, "I'm glad your family is turning out so well, but you used to be more fond of hunting than of plowing and digging, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I ain't done no hunting in the last three or four years."

"Why, there are lots of squirrel left, are there not, and some quail and partridge?"

"Yes, but Walter would not let me," said the old man doggedly.

"Would not let you! That's strange."

"No, he sold my gun."

"You surprise me."

"Well, I guess he was right. I used to waste an awful lot of time with it when I should have been working. If I had not wasted so much time, I would not have got into debt. I suppose you heard about that, didn't you?"

"Why, no; I did not hear anything about it."

"Oh, I was in awful trouble. I could not sleep nights or anything. The store bills kept getting bigger, and then I gave notes, and then a little mortgage, and the times kept getting harder and the taxes higher until I was almost crazy. But I tell you," and a little gleam of pride lit up his face, "Walter has changed all that, and even though he does make me work hard I don't know that I have any right to complain. You see, this is the way it was: When things got to the very worst and we were afraid the sheriff would come, Walter offered that if I would make over the farm to him and agree to work for him until I was 70 he would pay off all the debts, give something to each of the other children, and that after I was 70 neither myself nor the old woman would have to do any more work. He would support us, and we would have to worry about nothing."

By a series of questions Pratt learned from the old man all the details of this wonderful bargain. He learned that the simple hearted old man was practically a slave to his greedy and selfish son. He had to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and work until 9 at night, and the unfilial brute had dared at times to thrash his father for not working as hard as he thought he should. Moreover, he did not allow him to have meat or good food except when he was working hard. In the winter time, when there was nothing to do but chores, the old man and his wife were forced to live on cornmeal and buckwheat.

The rich man's wrath arose as he learned of the miserable story, and his heart was moved with unwonted pity as he saw that his old friend was looking forward with such simple anticipation to the good time coming when he would be 70 years and free. The probabilities were that he would be worked to death before then; if not, that he would be starved to death soon afterward.

Although the old man complained, and with touching candor told of the treatment he was receiving, he really blamed himself more than his son.

"Walter has been hard," he said, "but I can't say I deserve much more. I lived in a way that brought us all into debt, and I have caused him a lot of worry in getting out, and you know, Hiram, what debt is, especially to a man who feels that he would not rob any one in the world."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a shout.

Looking in the direction from which it came, a man was seen standing on the fence, waving his arms angrily.

"That's Walter," said the old man as he commenced shoveling for dear life. "He wants me to get this ditch finished and the tile laid in it before the frost comes.

"No, Hiram, I can't go shooting with you this time. Walter can't spare me, and I ain't got any money to get powder and shot with, though I guess I could borrow Thompson's gun if I wanted it. But, I tell you, if you come back seven years from now, when I ain't got nothing to do, we will go out hunting again and have a good time just the same as we used to. You have not got a plug of chewing tobacco, have you?"

"No."

"City folks don't chew much, do they? Walter said it was a dirty and expensive habit, and he made me stop, but sometimes I get a chew when I go to a thrashing or logging bee."

The millionaire had a strong inclination to walk over to the other field and bag the brilliant Walter instead of going to the woods to hunt for inoffensive squirrels. He felt that he would enjoy putting a charge of cold lead into him about as much as he used to enjoy putting it into a skunk. But he restrained himself and walked back to the woods.

There he sat down on an old oak log, wondering—for his heart for once in many years was full of the kindliest feeling—if it would not be a worthy deed to buy the freedom of his old friend. He could certainly find some way of doing it without causing too much talk, and it would be a deed of charity that might do something to soften the hardness of his past life. But as he thought it all over and remembered how the old man was looking forward to a good time coming he paused. After all, what was the difference between them?

The old man was a slave to his son, and he was simply a slave to his business. He was looking forward to a good time coming when he would be able to retire and live on his wealth. But he knew in his heart that, under the training he had given himself, he could not live if he were not at the head of the corporation he had built up and still struggling fiercely to make more money—money for which he had no need. Perhaps, after all, the old man was as happy as he, and if he set him free now he would simply take from him the only thing he was working for and looking forward to and make him end his life in sordid inactivity. The old man had something to live for, something to hope for, something to look forward to, and he had as good a chance of realizing it as most people have in this world. If he interfered, he would be what most charitable people are—merely a meddler.

And he was right. While he was sitting in the woods old Sam was digging away in the ditch, with his heart full of happy anticipations of the good time he would have when he was 70 and his old friend, Hiram Pratt, would come back and go out hunting with him.—Truth.

A Woman's Palace.

St. Petersburg owes its second great palace, The Hermitage, to a fantasy of Catherine II. Originally The Hermitage was a small pavilion attached to the winter palace—a place of recreation, where friendly causerie, as it was understood in the last century, could be carried on without court formalities. The imperial hostess drew up a series of rules for these parties and placed them on a table near the door. "Leave your rank outside as well as your hat," says the first rule. "Be gay, but do not spoil anything; do not break or gnaw anything," is a somewhat ominous admonition, but those to "argue without anger and without excitement," and "neither to sigh nor to yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy," are rules which should be enforced in every drawing room today.—New York World.

Origin of a Much Quoted Saw.

The origin of "A fool and his money are soon parted" has not been ascertained with certainty, but the following story is sometimes told: "George Buchanan, tutor to James IV of Scotland, made a bet with a courtier that he (Buchanan) could make a coarser verse than the courtier. Buchanan rose and, picking up the courtier's money, walked off with the remark, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

LATEST IN FISH NETS.

A FRENCH INVENTOR INTRODUCES NEW METHODS OF SEINING.

Electricity to Be Employed In Gathering the Harvest of the Sea—How Fish May Be Captured In Large Quantities and Before They Know It.

It has frequently been a subject of comment that the methods in vogue for gathering the "harvest of the sea" have scarcely changed from century to century. The bone or ivory or wooden fishhooks of the Eskimo or the south sea islanders are represented, it is true, in our higher civilization by the finely pointed metal ones, but this is a refinement of manufacture, not an improvement in method. It is equally true that their rudely twisted bark nets are only to be compared with the product of our rope walks and twine factories, greatly to the advantage of the latter. This industry, as old as humanity, has, so to say, made but a single step since its birth. They are essentially the same coarse nets and the same hooks that have always been employed for the fishing industry that are in use today.

It is frequently said, "The sea ought to nourish the land," and in view of the rich supplies of food which the sea contains this seems to be just. On the other hand, the complaints of the fishermen prove that their calling is far from lucrative. We hear frequently of regions where fish were formerly abundant which at present are hardly producing anything. What is the cause of this state of things? There may in truth be many causes, but it is largely due to the crudeness of the methods employed. Fish show a strong tendency for quitting the place where nets have been employed, which frighten them, or to avoid returning if they are of migratory habits.

On the other hand, the nets and drags often tear up the bottom and disturb the spawning beds with the eggs, and sometimes the young. These considerations have led a gentleman named Trouve to conceive a new system of fishing, employing some of the methods of modern science and overcoming, as he thinks, some of the objections to the antiquated methods.

He claims to have accomplished among other results the attracting of the fish into his toils and capturing them without frightening them and without much wear and tear on the nets themselves. In his nets, for instance, of a cylindrical shape, the ring forming the bottom has lead sinkers fixed to it in the ordinary way, while the upper edge consists of a rubber tube, which is in communication by means of a long flexible rubber pipe with a reservoir in the boat and which is supplied with compressed air by means of one or more pumps. Instead of being placed in the boat this reservoir can in some cases be arranged on shore or even on a special buoy.

When thrown in the water in the usual way, the rubber tube having been emptied of air, the weight of the net will, of course, take it to the bottom, where it forms a stationary mass of relatively small volume, which will not of itself terrify the fish. Having proceeded to attract the fish to the location by methods which we will allude to further on, as soon as there is reason to believe that they have gathered in force a stopcock is opened, allowing the compressed air from the reservoir to flow into and inflate the tubular ring constituting the upper border of the net. This ring, as a result, augments in volume and forms a rigid mouth for the net, and at a given moment, in accordance with the law of Archimedes, it becomes buoyant and rises to the top of the water, carrying the net with it.

The important point is that this is accomplished without noise and without agitating the water. The fish is not alarmed, and is captured before he knows it, without making any attempt to escape.

The same principle may be applied to seine nets or purse nets.

It is well known and recognised that fish, in common with most terrestrial animals, not excluding "humans," are strongly attracted by anything which glitters. Mr. Trouve has taken advantage of this and has constructed luminous buoys containing batteries or accumulators connecting with incandescent lamps. A flattened reflector spreads the light over a wide extent. These buoys are placed with other bait in the nets, and the fish are attracted from all sides, like moths to a candle, and become prey.

The next thing is to know when to draw in the net. To employ watchmen is rather primitive, and Mr. Trouve has devised a much better system—at any rate in theory. His idea is to make a sort of scale, consisting of a beam pivoted to a stake. This beam has at one end a square net and at the other a tray, in which is placed a weight slightly greater than that of the square net. An appropriate mechanism, clockwork or otherwise, raises up this tray at regular intervals, say every five or ten minutes, which gives to the beam an oscillatory movement. Every time the beam rises beyond the horizontal position an electrical contact is made connecting at a distance, on the bank or in the boat, wherever the fisherman is stationed. Whenever there are no fish in this square net it rises quickly, carried up by the excessive weight at the other end of the beam, and a short interval of ringing shows that the beam has gone by the horizontal position without stopping there, and consequently there are no fish. If, on the contrary, the square net incloses fish, the excess of weight will no longer be able to carry it up beyond the horizontal, and the bell will ring continuously.

A Paying Engagement.

"What does young Shapeleigh do now?"

"He's old Millyun's homely daughter's husband."—Cleveland Leader.

TAKES HIS SLEEP STANDING.

A California Man Who Lives In a Sentinel Box and Never Lies Down.

Jake Rogers says that he is the only man in the world who sleeps standing up. And most likely he is right about it, although there are many men living who claim to have done it under compulsion during the last war. Jake also says that the reason he is so healthy is because he sleeps the way he does. Most people, however, would prefer to have a little less health and a little more comfort.

The place where Jake has his home is not a very well populated one. It is in Mendocino county, only a few miles northeast of Los Robles, and the nearest neighbor is some distance from his place. But, then, Jake doesn't want neighbors, so that feature is really an inducement for him. In fact, Jake says that the reason he took up his present abode was to get rid of neighbors. He is not of a very good disposition, and an effort to get him to talk about anything but himself will surely result in failure.

It is safe to say that Jake's house is the only one of its kind in the world. It is built to sleep standing up in, and it would be impossible for a person to sleep in it any other way unless he curled up like a bear. Jake built the house himself out of boards and logs that he picked up in different parts of the country. It is a queer looking affair, having greatly the appearance of a chimney with a roof on it, and a very dilapidated roof at that. But the shanty is a strong one and keeps out the wet, and that is all that is required. Even the latter is not required the greater part of the year in that section. There is only the door and no windows.

While the outside of the house may look queer the inside looks queerer. There is only one piece of furniture, and that is what Jake calls his bed. It really looks more like a coffin standing on end, for it is a sort of box tilted back only a few inches from the perpendicular. It is nailed at the bottom and also at the top, so that it is immovable. The inside of it is lined with straw covered with cloth, to give it a little comfort in cold weather, Jake says.

When Jake wants to sleep, all he does is to lie back in his box and close his eyes. He says it doesn't take him long to forget his troubles. In the next breath he will tell you he has no troubles since he took to sleeping standing up.

Jake does no cooking in his house, simply because there is no room. His culinary department is located under a tree a short distance away. His food consists of anything he can get by begging, borrowing or finding. But he doesn't do much borrowing since the neighbors have grown to know him.

"The way I sleep is the only right way for anybody to sleep," said Jake, "and the sooner people come to their senses and do as I do the sooner disease will be stamped out of the world. The noblest animal of all is the horse, and he sleeps standing up. How did I come to find out that it was the right way? Oh, that is easy enough to answer.

"You see, I was sick as a boy way back in Massachusetts, about 70 years ago, and nothing I did done me no sort of good. There always was something the matter, and as soon as I laid down in bed my head began to ache. But, do you know, I stood that for half a century before I got any sense into me? And then I was out in California digging for gold.

"One night my head ached so bad I couldn't stay in bed, and I had to stand against the wall to get relief. Without knowing it I fell asleep, and when I woke up I felt like a new man. I made up my mind to sleep that way all the time, but had trouble to find a place to do it. That is the reason I moved out to this place. It's over 15 years ago, and I have never had a sign of the old trouble and am convinced that sleeping in bed is the cause of all the pain and disease in the world. Sleep standing up, and you will be a new man in a short time."

The strange thing about Jake's theory is that he admits that he doesn't rest when he sleeps standing up. He has to do that under the trees the next day. He says that has nothing to do with his idea, though, for most people do too much work anyhow.—San Francisco Call.

Dean Stanley and Jenny Lind.

Professor Max Muller in Cosmopolitan says that Arthur Stanley actually suffered from listening to music. One evening, at his father's palace at Norwich, Jenny Lind had been singing Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Stanley, as usual, had left the room, but he came back after the music was over and went shyly up to Jenny Lind. "You know," he said, "I dislike music. I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupid—stone deaf, as others are color blind. But," he said with some warmth, "tonight, when from a distance I heard you singing that song, I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me which I had never felt before; or, yes, I had felt it once before in my life." Jenny Lind was all attention. "Some years ago," he continued, "I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace, performed by 400 drummers. I felt shaken, and tonight, while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me. I felt deeply moved." "Dear man," she added, "I know he meant it, and a more honest compliment I never received in all my life."

Our First Bricks.

The first bricks made on North American soil were manufactured by the colonists of Virginia in 1613. They were used in building the church at Jamestown and the residences of the governor and the more important citizens. A portion of Jamestown church is still standing, and the bricks of which it was built are in good preservation and appear to have been very well made.

The Man and the Snake.

The reputed fascination of the serpent's eye is the motive of a story in Mr. Ambrose Bierce's volume of tales entitled "In the Midst of Life." Mr. Brayton was the guest of a friend, an eminent zoologist, whose specialty, of which he had a fine collection, was snakes. Stretched upon a sofa in his own room, Mr. Brayton glanced from the book he was carelessly scanning while awaiting the summons to dinner and saw in the shadow under his bed two small points of light about an inch apart. He gave them no special thought and resumed his reading.

In a few minutes he gave an involuntary start and stared into the obscurity under the bed. His gaze disclosed the coils of a large serpent. The points of light were its eyes, but they were no longer merely luminous points; they looked into his own with a malign significance. Brayton was a brave man, but this seemed an occasion when discretion was the better part of valor. He would beat a retreat, and backward, so as not to disturb the reptile, but instead of the movement his will had shaped his right foot was placed in advance of his left.

The snake did not move, but its eyes seemed to become larger and more luminous. There were strange noises in Brayton's ears as, with reluctant steps, he could not refrain from drawing nearer the bed. Suddenly something struck him a hard blow upon the face. He had fallen to the floor.

The zoologist, startled by a terrific scream from above, rushed to his friend's room. There lay Brayton, senseless. As he bent over him he glanced under the bed.

"How did this thing get here?" he exclaimed, and pulling out the snake he flung it to the center of the room, where it lay without motion.

It was a stuffed snake. Its eyes were two shoe buttons.

Old Abe, the War Eagle.

Old Abe, the famous Wisconsin war eagle, was captured in the spring of 1861 on Flambeau river, near the line between Ashland and Prince counties, by a Chippewa Indian chief named Sky. The bird was then about the size of a common chicken hawk. The Indian traded the eagle to Daniel McCann of Eagle Point, Wis., for a bushel of corn, and McCann sold it to a Mr. Mills of Eau Claire for $5. Mills presented the bird to Captain J. E. Perkins, who was then organizing the Eighth Wisconsin regiment. The bird then began the most remarkable career that has ever been known to a member of the feathered tribe. At Madison, before the regiment left for the south, the eagle was given the name of Old Abe, in honor of President Lincoln. A perch was then made for the bird, which was carried at the side of the colors of Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin. At the siege of Corinth Old Abe sat on his perch as calm as though nothing were going on, an incident which is said to have caused the Confederate general to declare that he "would rather capture that cussed bird than a whole brigade of Yankees."

Altogether Old Abe participated in 38 battles and engagements. After the close of the war Barnum offered $20,000 for the eagle, and a western millionaire "went" the prince of showmen "one better," offering to exchage $25,000 in gold for him. During the last years of his life Old Abe was kept in a large cage in the historical department of the capitol building at Madison. He died on March 26, 1881. His body was turned over to a taxidermist, who fixed the bird up until he now looks as natural as he did in life. Over a million pictures of Old Abe have been sold, and a book telling of his wonderful career had a good sale for several years.—St. Louis Republic.

Eggs Preserved In Clay.

Li Hung Chang's commissary carried with it around the world a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the embassador's special use.

"Those wonderful eggs," said Mr. Doyle, the steward of the Waldorf, at which Li stopped during his sojourn in New York, "are not so bad, after all. Here is one of them (showing what looked like a piece of pumice stone, but which was an egg incased in clay). This was given me by one of the cooks and may be a century old for aught I know. This is a preserved hen's egg. The process of keeping them is very primitive and simple and yet very effective. This is the way it is done: First the eggs are boiled hard; then, while they are hot, they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away. They will keep forever. They were brought here in bags packed in rice husks, some of which, you see, cling to the clay around this one. When opened, the whites of these eggs are almost black and the yolks are green. They chop them very fine and decorate most of their viands with them, and they enter largely into all their sauces. The duck's eggs are of the finest Peking and Muscovy breeds. They are first boiled, then preserved in a paste of charcoal, which hardens about them. The duck's eggs are opened, split in half and served cold in the shell, and, old as these eggs are, I assure you they are delicious."

New York's Old Time Pumps.

There are parts of New York which have a primitive appearance. There are tall wooden pumps in the lower part of the city which are almost exact reproductions of antique town pumps to be found in very old towns farther up in the state. Hudson, just above Catskill, on the opposite side of the river, has a number of these relics of time past, for the place is one of the three or four first settled. But the New York pumps do not date back more than 15 or 20 years. There is one on the corner of Greenwich and Dey streets. The teamsters in the vicinity water their horses from it, and occasionally a man can be seen holding his mouth a little way from the spout, while some one pumps a voluminous stream from it for him to drink.—New York Tribune.

DINED WITH THE CZAR.

Honors Showered Upon Joseph Francis, Inventor of the Lifeboat.

In 1855 Mr. Francis went to Europe. He introduced his inventions at many courts. He remained abroad about 12 years and made many warm friends in many lands by his modest, unassuming frankness and his habitual courtesy. And he received great honors at the courts of kings.

I shall not soon forget the stories he told of the events witnessed in these European capitals, they were all so interesting, and he was so wholly frank and natural in their narration. He was long at the court of the czar, a sovereign who was deeply interested in the work of the inventor. When Mr. Francis went to Europe, he had letters of introduction from many prominent Americans. In St. Petersburg he called upon the American minister. Here, as he told me laughingly, he forgot all about his letters of introduction, one of which was from the president of the United States and another from the secretary of state, and merely told some of the officials connected with the American legation that he wished to meet the czar.

"What!" the official ejaculated in amazement. "Meet the czar? Impossible, man! Do you realize what you are asking—an introduction to the czar of Russia? Why, it would take you a month to get an introduction to the grand duke, to say nothing about getting into the presence of the czar."

Mr. Francis went away, and, with true American independence, called at the palace of the grand duke. He sent in his plain visiting or business card. He had not long to wait. The attendant ushered him into a magnificent salon in the ducal palace. "From the farther side of the splendid room," said the old gentleman to me as he related the story, his eyes glowing with the recollection of the triumph of the hour, "appeared the Grand Duke Constantine, one of America's truest friends, and, both of his hands outstretched, he took both of mine in his as he reached me."

The grand duke asked what he could do for Mr. Francis, the man of whom they had heard so much, whose life saving service was even then of such value to Russia's seacoast, and whose inventions promised so much for Russia—what could he do? Mr. Francis said that he would like to meet the czar.

Certainly. The grand duke would make an appointment with him to dine in a day or two with the czar at the palace.

And this was his introduction to Alexander II, a ruler who never forgot this gentle, modest American, and who through long years owned him as a cherished friend.

A day or two afterward Mr. Francis strolled into the office of the American legation. I doubt not there was a merry twinkle in his eye, for no man loved a quiet joke better than he did.

The official to whom Mr. Francis had expressed his desire to meet the czar spoke up jokingly:

"Well, how are you coming on in your efforts to meet the czar?"

"I have seen him."

"What," with doubt in face and voice, "you have seen the czar? How did you see him, pray tell?"

"I dined with him yesterday," was the simple answer.

And it was not the last time he was entertained at the imperial palace.—W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas.

DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

A Decency That Is Languid Is More to Be Feared Than Criminality.

"The thing we have the most to fear," writes Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "The Young Man as a Citizen" in the Ladies' Home Journal, "is not the depravity and the criminality that are rampant, but the decency that is languid and the respectability that is indifferent and that will go junketing when a state is on the edge of a crisis or go fishing on a day when the city is having its destiny determined for it at the polls. Would that there could be some legislative enactment by which every reputable traitor of the sort could be denaturalized and branded with some stigma of civic outlawry that should extinguish him as an American and cancel his kinship with Columbus, Fourth of July and 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'

"I speak with full assurance when I say, for instance, in regard to the city of New York, that there is no single moral issue capable of being raised in regard to its administration where the great preponderance of sentiment would not be found to be on the side of honesty as against corruption, provided only that sentiment were sufficiently resolute and alert to come forward and declare itself. The purpose of a campaign under such circumstances is not to convince people of what is right, but to stimulate to the point of action those who are already convinced."

To Be Expected.

There was recently a public sale of the effects of a deceased artist who, though he never had any money and was always at the end of his resources, had managed to accumulate a considerable amount of bric-a-brac, chiefly for use in his trade.

All these things were sold for the benefit of his needy widow.

Among the items on the published catalogue was the following eloquent one:

"One money box, decorated, quite unused."—Youth's Companion.

The Reason.

At a recent wedding in an English town the officiating minister asked how the name of one of the witnesses was spelled, to which he received the reply, "McHugh." The minister then inquired how it was that the witness spelled his name in that way when his sister spelled hers "McCue," to which the witness responded, "Please, sir, my sister and me didn't go to the same school."

STONEHENGE.

The Old Mythology Enters Into the Hearts of Visitors There.

It is a common remark that a feeling of disappointment is almost invariably experienced on a first visit to Stonehenge. This is partly due to the vast solitude in which the monument stands. There is nothing near enough to it in any direction to furnish a standard by which to estimate the magnitude of the stones. Consequently they look much smaller than they really are, and we miss that imposing effect of immensity which everybody associates in advance with Stonehenge. Another cause of disappointment is what we must call the "reserve" of the monument. Mystery, whether vested in persons or things, has a fascination of its own, but the fascination is of a kind that is only enjoyable when the mysterious thing or person is not actually present.

We all know the delight of discussing interminably a person about whom no amount of discussion brings us nearer to knowledge, and we all know also the chilly, baffled feeling that takes possession of us when we pass from such discussion into the presence of the inscrutable person. An impenetrable reserve is undoubtedly one of the striking characteristics of Stonehenge. And this reserve, however much it may increase the impressiveness of the monument as a subject of thought and speculation, certainly takes away from its impressiveness as an object contemplated by the bodily eye. We are so accustomed to the easily interpreted language—utilitarian and sentimental—of modern, mediæval and classical buildings and monuments, that we hardly realize how much of the impression they make on us is due to the wide range of memories and associations they touch in ourselves until we are confronted with a monument like Stonehenge, the language of which is dead for us, and in whose presence we are reduced to the blank emotion of wonder. It is quite pathetic to see how, in the dearth of intelligible symbolism or appealing beauty, every observant visitor seizes eagerly, at his or her first visit to "the stones," upon the tenons and mortise holes in the piers and the imposts of the trilithons and the outer circle of Sarsens, as the only features which speak to us directly of the part played by human ingenuity in the construction of the temple. Those knobs on the upright stones and corresponding sockets in the lintels which the uprights support tell an unmistakable—albeit a very homely and practical—tale of labor for a definite and quite intelligible result.

At the moment of the summer solstice Stonehenge may, however, be said to relax its reserve and admit us for once into its confidence. It tells in visible signs the secret of its orientation to the midsummer sunrise, and its cold and monotonous grayness warms into color and life as the sunlight flows in under the lintels of the Sarsen circle and the piers shoot their sharp shadows over the ground. Then the stones cease to be dead stones—they seem to be responding sympathetically to the influence of the sun god, and something of the feeling of the old mythology enters into the hearts of all onlookers. Add to this touch of sentiment the solid satisfaction of having gained rough ocular demonstration of the truth of an assertion of the learned which we are incapable either of understanding in detail or attacking critically—and you have the answer to the question that is involuntarily suggested by the presence on the ground of a number of people who seem animated by the smallest amount possible of intelligent interest in the phenomena before them. "Why in the world have all these people come?" When you have once seen the sunrise over the sun stone, you feel that you believe on your own account in the solar orientation of the temple, and the line of the axis once realized on the ground, the plan of the building becomes intelligible.—London Spectator.

Early Explosives and Guns.

There can be little doubt that the Greek fire of naphtha mentioned by early writers, European and Arabian, refers to a composition containing niter, sulphur and charcoal, and it is certain that Marcus Græcus, who, according to Didot and the "Biographie Universelle," wrote in the tenth century, although Mr. Guttmann considers that the method of purifying the saltpeter described by him was unknown till the thirteenth, gives a composition for charging rockets and crackers closely approaching to that of modern blasting powder.

This recipe is quoted by Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon gives a vaguer one, complicated by an insoluble anagram supposed to stand for carbonum pulvere. But all those writers and many others who mention such mixtures are absolutely silent as to the use of any such substance for the projection of missiles from tubes. On the contrary, they describe crackers and bombs, or maroons, and say that these were discharged into towns from ballistæ or catapults or mangonels purely for incendiary purposes. Mr. Guttmann has, however, found in the "Wardrobe Accounts of Edward III," between Dec. 22, 1345, and Jan. 31, 1349, the following entry in Latin:

"To the same Thomas of Roldeston for the king's work for his guns 912 pounds of saltpeter and 886 pounds of live sulphur."

This certainly confirms the tradition as to the use of guns by the English at Cressy in 1346. A considerable body of tradition ascribes the invention of guns to Berthold Schwartz, but the statements of the chronicles vary in date very greatly, and the most authentic put it very much later than Cressy—i. e., in 1353 and 1393. Curiously enough, Mr. Guttmann decides in favor of Schwartz, but against the chronicles, that the date must have been about 1313, one which is difficult to reconcile with the date of Schwartz's death, given by the "Biographie Universelle" as 1384.—Athenæum.

ROYAL PAGES.

Qualifications Necessary to Candidates For a Highly Valued Preferment.

"The pretty page with the dimpled chin," so sweetly sung of by the poet, and who constituted one of the most picturesque figures of mediæval times, still survives.

Royal and imperial pages range in age from 12 to 16 years. They are appointed by the sovereign, enjoy pay prerogatives and perquisites much as do the grown up attendants on royalty and are prescribed certain definite duties. The duties are possibly no more important than in the days of yore, when there was no postal service and the lovelorn princess was forced to rely upon the secrecy and fidelity of her page for the conveyance of messages of her knight or troubadour. But tact and discretion in performing them are probably more necessary now than ever, owing to the popular craving for information of this kind from the pages by persons who imagine that because they are young their tongues are likely to be loose.

To toughen them against such attempts and qualify them for this service the royal pages are subjected to very careful training. At the court of St. Petersburg, for instance, there is a regular college of pages, where they are educated and maintained at the expense of the crown.

Gentle birth is the first qualification for the post of royal page. At the courts of Vienna and Munich an ancestry of no less than 16 generations free from any plebeian strain on either father's or mother's side is required in the candidates. In England and Russia nobility is not demanded. The pages of honor in the court of Queen Victoria are generally sons of distinguished officers of the army or of high dignitaries of the royal household.

On state occasions they wear gorgeous uniforms of blue and silver, and many a fair American who has been presented at one of the drawing rooms of Queen Victoria will recall to mind the appearance which they presented standing slightly behind her majesty or behind the Princess of Wales when the latter officiates in the place of her illustrious mother-in-law. In fact, their duties are limited to attendance upon royalty at drawing rooms, state concerts, state balls and royal weddings.

At the courts of Berlin and Vienna the pages figure at all state ceremonies, clad like those of England in blue and silver. At the court banquets they stand behind the chairs of the royal and imperial personages. These personages on rising from the table sometimes address a few kindly words to the boys and present them with sweetmeats. Indeed, the late Emperor Frederick was wont to amuse himself by cramming their mouths full of bonbons until they could not speak and then plying them with questions demanding an immediate answer or else cracking jokes that were sure to make them laugh.

These pages were chosen for the occasion only from among the best looking boys of the school of cadets at Berlin and from the imperial Theresianum college at Vienna, all the members of which are of noble birth. These schools resemble the American West Point, but the pupils enter at the age of 14 and receive commissions as officers at a much earlier age than in this country.

At the court of St. Petersburg the corps of pages is a sort of imperial school, where a number of lads, sons of noblemen and state dignitaries, both civil and military, are educated at the czar's expense and under his supervision. On attaining their eighteenth year they usually obtain commissions as officer of the regiment of chevalier guards. The czarina maintains a similar institution for girls, who on graduating receive the titular appointment of maid of honor to her majesty.—Chicago Record.

National Flowers.

Until a flower has played an important part in some great historical event, as did the thistle of Scotland and the shamrock of Ireland, or until it has been surrounded by overwhelming sentiment through close and continued association with some distinguished and widely beloved man or woman, as was the case with the cornflower of Germany and the violet of France, it is idle to propose any flower as a national emblem. If, for instance, Lincoln or Garfield had been passionately fond of a particular flower, carried it about continuously, had it when the assassin's bullet was fired and kept it in the hand or by the bedside when the end came, then that flower, whether it was indigenous to this country or imported from the old world, might, without legislative enactment, without any urging on the part of individuals or associations, have become the national flower. Under such circumstances it is not hard to believe that even the blossom of a plant, before generally esteemed a noxious weed, might be taken up and given the place of honor without a word of protest from any one. These are the only conditions under which the people of the United States or of any other country are likely to look upon any particular flower as a national emblem.—Ithaca Democrat.

The Loves and Hates of Nations.

How short lived are the animosities of nations! A few months ago there was no epithet too harsh for the German emperor. He was gibbeted in music hall ditties, he was rallied at in the press, and in society unrepeatable things were said of him. Now there is a distinct revival of the patter about "blood being thicker than water," and we are rapidly returning to the conclusion that the kaiser is a splendid fellow. The naval architects toasted him with enthusiasm, and with happy tact the master of many legions has sent a gold wreath to the First Royal dragoons, of which he is colonel, to remind England that Prussia fought by her side at Waterloo. The truth is that the loves and hates of nations are founded, not on kinship nor on history, but on self interest, and as this changes public feeling changes too.—Saturday Review.

Society Directory.

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Odd Things About Water.

Water is made up of two different elements—hydrogen and oxygen. It has in its composition two measures of hydrogen for every one of oxygen, but as the latter is so much heavier than the former nine pounds of water are found to contain eight pounds of oxygen and only one of hydrogen. The way in which the composition of water is proved is by means of the voltaic electric battery, combined with other apparatus, designed especially for the purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Firle hill, or Beacon, is a well known height of the South downs, and the "cap" referred to is a covering of clouds or mist.—English Illustrated Magazine.

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